

THE WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, N.W. AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

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WILLIAM BOOTH
General

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EVANGELINE BOOTH
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ABANDONED.

BY BRIGADIER SOUTHALL.

THERE are few words in the English language more expressive than the word that illustrates the condition of the lost sheep and lamb, and which the artist has strikingly depicted in conveying a concrete idea of the pathetic philosophy conveyed in that single word.

Few will study the picture without feeling a touch of sympathy even for a dumb beast whose position may answer to the scene depicted. What stories of self-sacrifice and suffering have we read of the shepherds in the Highlands of Scotland enduring in order to find one of their flock, which had strayed, and had lost its way in the storm. To the faithful shepherd the mute but irresistible appeal of the missing member of his trust was stronger than personal ease and self-interest. He climbed and labored until he found that which was lost.

Unfortunately such a condition as that suggested in the picture is not unknown to human beings. How many cases do we encounter

through our Social Institutions and other agencies, who are as much abandoned as the object in our illustration. In some cases it is a drunken or unprincipled man—called a husband—who deserts the woman he promised to protect, and leaves her—as suggested by the picture—doubly deserted because of the babe or babes she is compelled to protect as well as herself.

Then there is the pathetic case of desertion where the trusting girl has believed the dazzling assurances of her betrayer, and under the spell of his glittering promises, becomes a prey to base design, and awakens to a sense of her dreadful mistake, and finds, moreover, that he has left her to her sorrow. Her strong affection for her parents will not permit her to ask them to bear her sorrow, or share her shame. Her pride will not permit her to confide in her companions. Gradually her circumstances develop into intelligible characters, and she reads in capital letters the awful word—*abandoned*. Happy if she be one of the hundreds that, through some means, find the open door, and a home redolent with sympathy and love, offered through our Rescue Homes.

Then there is another phase of those who may

be unfortunate enough to be included in this category—the drunkard, or the individual who finds that some habit has claimed the mastery over his better nature, and separates him from the rest of his fellows. The drunkard finds that his sin is isolating him more and more from those things which pertain to the noble and the good. Not only is this so as far as the eternal goes, but it becomes so as far as his own nature is concerned.

To be abandoned in the sense to which we have already alluded is bad enough; but how much worse is it when a man realizes that he is not only abandoned by the best outward influences, but discovers that he is being abandoned by his own conscience and the noble impulses that once asserted their influence in his life. Surely there can be no more ghastly or pitiable condition possible to humankind than this, and yet the saloon, and other evil agencies, are at work to produce this doleful, half-damned condition among the children of men. Do not such deplorable examples of human derelicts force themselves upon us every day? Aye, verily, like the bleached ribs of some abandoned hulk, hurled upon the solitary shore, we seem

(Continued on page 4.)



From My Diary.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL PUGMIRE.

Ten years ago, under the Field Commissioner,

I had charge of the far-famed Congress Hall Corps and Training Garrison, at which place I spent eleven months. For many years I have kept a diary of every day, and on looking through my entries for 1893, while at the above mentioned corps, I notice the following, which may be of interest and profit to War Cry readers:



Congress Hall, Clapton, Monday, Feb. 12th, 1893.—Glorious day to my own soul. Seventy-two present at knee-drill; wonderful liberty present. The holiness meeting was simply tremendous; 37 men and women covenanted with God. Splendid crowd at night and 12 souls. The woman who could not leave last Sunday night's meeting got her sister saved through the week and both testified to-night. \$65 offerings for the day.

Monday, Feb. 13th.—Good holiness meeting at 3 p.m.; one came out for the blessing. Night, a splendid crowd and one volunteer for salvation.

Tuesday, Feb. 14th.—Marvelous manifestation of the Holy Ghost; splendid crowd; 35 out for pardon and cleansing; the place all in a boil, and soldiers ready for anything.

Wednesday, Feb. 15th.—A revival appears to have broken out. Seven souls for pardon. The first volunteer was a man just returned from India, who thought of committing suicide; and a woman who thought hard of me because of my straight talk last Friday night, got saved and made a confession. To Jesus be the glory.

Thursday, Feb. 16th.—Another outbreak of salvation. Eight souls for pardon. Two of last night's converts in the open-air meeting.

Saturday, Feb. 18th.—Our War Cry selling in the afternoon. At night a good crowd, and a splendid meeting, with one soul for pardon.

Sunday, Feb. 19th.—We had 15 souls for the day.

Monday, Feb. 20th.—We had an open-air meeting at 2.30, and a good inside meeting at 3 o'clock. Night's meeting, 700 people present. \$20, and three souls volunteered for pardon. Adjt. Robertson with us.

Tuesday, Feb. 21st.—Fifty present at the 3 o'clock service. At night I conducted a converts' meeting. In the public meeting a good time, 350 present and five souls for pardon. Revival continues. Praise God.

Wednesday, Feb. 22nd.—Good afternoon meeting. Mrs. Colonel Barker read. Glorious time to-night. Several young converts spoke. A young woman came out during the first meeting, followed by three more in the prayer meeting, one of which went out, but we prayed for her and she returned and came to the penitent form. To God be all the glory.

Thursday, Feb. 23rd.—Grand time to-night. Big crowd, and nine souls for pardon.

Friday, Feb. 24th.—350 present at to-night's meeting. Seven souls for salvation.

Saturday, Feb. 25th.—In the afternoon Capt. Law and myself sold War Cry. At night we had two souls for pardon. While we were in the meeting five young converts went out Cry selling and brought a man to the meeting, where he got saved.

Sunday, Feb. 26th.—Eighty-seven to kneel-drill. One soul in the afternoon, and 22 at night. Five volunteered to the mercy seat before anyone moved out. Colonel Whatmore's brother, who got saved about five weeks ago,

is still being kept. The Colonel had prayed for him for 15 years. Praise the Lord.

Monday, Feb. 27th.—Sixty-five recruits enrolled under the flag and 95 Sergeants and bandsmen commissioned. Five hundred persons present.

The work of soul-saving continued right along until we farewelled. My diary for our farewell reads thus:

Sunday, April 16th.—Farewell Sunday. One hundred and fifteen present at knee-drill. \$90 for the day. Thirteen souls, some of them seem to be splendid cases.

Wednesday, April 19th.—Final farewell. Left 712 soldiers and 51 recruits. During our eleven months' stay God has given us 1,000 souls for pardon and 390 for cleansing. The offerings have realized \$6,300. Praise the Lord!

What's the Good?

Grumble? No! What's the good? If it availed, I would; But it doesn't a bit— Not it.

Laugh? Yes; why not? 'Tis better than crying; a lot; We were made to be glad, Not sad.

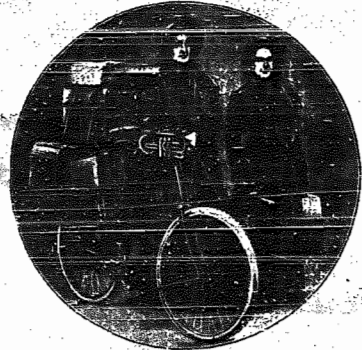
Sing? Why, yes, to be sure; We shall better endure If the heart's full of song All day long.

Love? Yes, unceasingly, Ever increasingly. Friends' burdens bearing, Their sorrows sharing, Their happiness making; For pattern taking. The One above, Who is Love.

—Selected.

A Novel Conveyance.

Ensign Eastland, the village revivalist, is not a woman to stick at trifles. The photograph below illustrates her method of overcoming the difficulties of direct transport from one village corps to another. It sometimes happens that the Ensign is to far removed from railway stations that to take train would involve several changes and a journey of, say, thirty miles. She prefers the direct cut across country, and,



A Couple of Officers in England Making the Best Use of a Bicycle.

mounting her boxes and those of her Lieutenant, on her bicycle, she cheerfully tramps the eight or nine miles through lanes and byways. The Ensign has been remunerated with by her superior officers, and urged to procure an ordinary conveyance; but she points to the saving effected in time, and the cost of the conveyance, and adds that her entrance to the villages in such an unconventional fashion arouses considerable interest, and serves as an excellent advertisement. Such pluck deserves, and we are glad, here is rewarded with a good measure of success.

The Bible is master of the spirit, superior to intellect, truer than conscience, greater and more trustworthy than the affections of the soul.—F. Parker.

The Redeemed Iron Worker.

As the anniversary of my spiritual birth comes around again I wish, with your permission, to bear witness to the saving and keeping power of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. None but God and myself know what salvation meant to me on the evening of the 13th of June, 1893, when, at the invitation of the officer in charge, I knelt at the Salvation Army drum head, in front of the post office in Ottawa, and asked God to forgive my sins and help me to live to please Him in the future. He enabled me, by His grace, to purpose in my heart that I would trust Him, and in a few hours later, in agony of soul, I cried out, "Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief." The peace of God, which passeth all understanding entered my soul, and from that moment to this there has never been an hour in which I have not known that I was saved. Old things had indeed passed away, and all things become new.

Although formerly the most abject slave to those appetites, I have never from that tasted one drop of liquor, used tobacco in any form, or uttered one blasphemous word, and what is more remarkable, I have not had the least desire to do so. All temptations and difficulties God has enabled me to meet and overcome, and to-night is salvation more precious and real to me than ever before, and if I know and can understand my own heart, I believe my greatest desire is to do the will of God.

Jesus, in answer to His disciple's question, "Lord, how is it that Thou wilt manifest Thyself unto us, and not unto the world?" said, "If a man love Me, he will keep my words; and My Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." This is my experience. Although the most unworthy of His disciples, my greatest desire is to keep His words.

Space will not allow me to tell of deliverance from covetousness, theft, untruthfulness, hatred, malice, cowardice, envy, etc. Sufficient to say when the grace of God is enough to save and keep me, none need despair who will pay the price, namely, turn away from their sins, and believe on the Lord Jesus. None can appreciate the blessedness of freedom as much as those who have been bound.

In the hope that some poor brother or sister may be helped by this testimony, I am, Yours in Jesus,—Jos. R. Smith.

"Burn the Bridge Behind You."

"Burn the bridge behind you" was the command of a general once, when his soldiers had filed over a bridge, beneath which a deep and swift current rushed. Then he pointed to the foe. "Yonder," he said, "is the enemy; behind you is death. There is no retreat; you must either conquer or die."

Professor Henry Drummond, recalling this little incident, said by way of entreaty to those young in the faith: "And so to you who have lately given your lives to Christ I say: 'Burn the bridge behind you.' Do something to break with the past; do something definite; commit yourselves in some way, so that others may know, and you may leave no way of retreat open."

Death Harmless.

To such small dimensions has Christian faith dwindled down the ugly thing, death. It has come to be nothing more than a change of vesture, a change of dwelling. Instead of an all-mastering conqueror, as sense tells us that death is, and as a great deal of modern science is telling us that death is, it is only a power that touches the fringe and circumference, the wrap-page of investiture of my being, and has nothing to do with that being itself. The "foolish senses" may declare that death is loud, because they "see no motion in the dead." But in spite of the senses and anatomists' scalpels, organization is not life. Mind and conscience, will and love, are something more than functions of the brain; and no scalpel can ever cut into life. I live and may live, and, blessed be God, shall live, apart altogether from this bodily organization. Whatever befalls, it is only like changing a dress, or removing into another house.

Do Not Forget Your Own Vineyard.

BY THE AUXILIARY SECRETARY.

"They made me the keeper of the vineyards, but my own vineyard have I not kept."—CANT. i. 6.

WHAT IS SPIRITUALITY?

It is not sentiment, prayer, Bible reading, self-sacrifice, good works, nor worship only; all these may be evidences of its presence, or they may exist without its presence.

Spirituality is God revealing Himself in the new nature which He has given to the regenerated soul. It is having the Spirit of God, being a partaker of the Divine nature. "For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him?" Even so the things of God "knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God."

The spiritually-minded knows—he is in communion with God, he lives under His smile, and knows and does His will.

What were our spiritual beginnings? Memory swings back the doors of time, and our minds revert to the days when our hearts were first touched with His love, and our spirits aflame with the desire to do good, and be a blessing to the world. Oh, the joy of those days of service for Jesus—the skies above us were blue, the flowers beneath our feet were brighter and more glorious in their many-tinted clothes, the birds sang a sweet song, because our own hearts were filled with a new music. Old things had passed away, all things had become new.

How quick were our sympathies, how gentle our words, how tender our compassion towards the erring. There was no cross too heavy to bear, no sacrifice too great to make for our Master, Jesus. Our zeal was so abundant, our love so overflowing! Oh, the glow of first love, the surprise, and the pleasure of first efforts for Christ. We delighted to do His will. We put ourselves as clay in the potter's hands—passive for service.

Where are we now? We are no longer children of the Kingdom. We are leaders among men and women. But have we the simplicity of our first consecration, the spirit of our trustful first love? Have we rather allowed the increasing cares and responsibilities of the years to swallow up the freshness, and the beauty of our spiritual life? Have the burdens of the war rested so heavily upon us that sometimes the actual consciousness of Divine presence and favor is obscured? Have repeated disappointments over failures in those whom we have tried to lift up to God and goodness, made us hard and cynical sometimes? Or have they touched us, and made us tender towards all who feel life's burdens weighing heavily upon them? Have we lost the keen sense of the Holy Spirit's unchanging power?—It is comparatively easy for us to preach now. Oh, beloved are we looking after our own vineyards? If not, why not? There are several reasons. I will but mention two.

First, we have been too busy to pray. Such legitimate work, too—all for others. The rush and pressure of the work have filled up all our moments. But He will not be satisfied with service for Himself without communion with Himself.

"Christ never asks such busy labor, As leaves no time for resting at His feet."

Second, we have trusted to old experiences—five, ten, twenty years in the service of the cross. It is a mistake, a serious mistake. He wants to do better for us than in the early days of our service, beautiful as were the touches of our spirits by the Divine. Are we improving our individual Christian lives? Let us weigh ourselves as we weigh the dear people for whom we are responsible in our various commands. We should be more humble. "He that is greatest, let him be your servant." Our hearts should be filled with tender compassion for the weak, and sympathy for the erring; we ought to be more charitable and less critical, and more unselfish as the years roll by. Then can we sympathize with others, more than in the days of our spiritual infancy.

True sympathy, rejoice with those who do

rejoice—the comrade who passes us in the ranks—as well as weep with those who weep. Christ was as much at home in the house of joy at Cana as He was at the house of sorrow at Bethany: And in each case He rendered the service the circumstances of the moment demanded. So may we follow His blessed footsteps, caring for our vineyards while we look after the needs and welfares of others, being no longer babes in Christ, but leaders among men, going from grace to grace, and improvement to improvement, until we reach the full stature in Him, and rejoice in the "better things" He has for those who will "see Him" and "be like Him" in His glory.

Sermonettes.

Tossed About.

BY ENSIGN M. HALL, ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.

That we henceforth be no more children tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men and cunning craftiness, whereby they wait to deceive.—Eph. iv. 14.

If the Apostle Paul held the same position in this world to-day, he would still see the need of these words of warning expressed in the above verse. How effectually the cause of Christ is injured by His professed followers being children—*tossed*. They should have been men and women; but just as they were developing in the Christian life, and taking upon them greater responsibilities, the wind of doctrine blew very strongly and succeeded in convincing them that the Lord did not require such self-sacrifice. They say He suffered Himself once for all. Oh, what wonderful revelations these howling winds of doctrine convey to the mind! They blow stronger, too, just when their assistant, the sleight of man, is self. Some influential friend whispers, "That is all true," and someone is eventually *tossed*.

A certain sister or brother, who, by their life in the meetings, their consistency in their home, at their work, their dress, their whole life in fact, has such a sacred influence.

Their testimony for Jesus burns itself into the hearts of the unsaved, their zeal inspires their comrades, and altogether they are fast becoming a flame of fire for God. But, alas! what has happened? Their long and faithfully-filled post is vacant. Sinners miss them, of course they do; why, there were a number acknowledged that the testimony of the missing one had given them a desire to serve God, and, says one, "I could not listen to it many more times without giving in." Their words were so powerful. What is the matter? The comrades realize a loss, the angels weep, the Saviour is grieved, and if sorrow in heaven can be, it is felt that day when the vacant seat is seen. What has happened? They are tossed by the wind of doctrine and the sleight of men. Someone said, "You are too anxious; it is not necessary to wear that old poke bonnet." And the wind of doctrine took up the refrain, and howled, "It is in vain to rise up early and sit up late. The Lord giveth His beloved sleep." And then a specially dear friend said, "Look at at the circles you might move in if you were only in church." And thus the anxious one looks in vain for the earnest testimonies and entreaties which had hitherto brought them so near the Kingdom. Eventually the winds of doctrine and love for the good opinion of others have by cunning craftiness taken a valuable soldier from their place and made the heart which was once so tender hard and cold. Those tears of sympathy for the sinner are exchanged for bitter tears of disappointment. The bubbles they have followed were empty. They are keeping souls from the Kingdom. Oh, backslider—for such you are—come back quickly. Many would have been saved by now whom you were interested in had you not become *tossed*. Don't you see your mistake?

Anything that is tossed never meets any purpose. It is only tossed into one condition until some other influence tosses it somewhere else. But you may come back and be once more rooted and grounded in love. If you do not, death will find you with your work undone. You will be startled when eternity reveals your neglected



An Evening at Nazareth.

chances of doing. Listen not to the cunning craftiness of men whereby they lay wait to deceive you. Let the mistakes of the past be stepping stones to better things. Let the winds of doctrine in the future drive you to the closet of secret prayer, and the sleight of men give you a more intense love for the cause. Come back—and come quickly.

Sowing and Reaping.

BY CAPT. E. J. STROTTHARD, STELLARTON, N.S.

In the Bible we read that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption, but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." (Gal. vi. 7, 8.)

If we plant potatoes, from those potatoes we expect to reap potatoes; if we plant beans, from those beans we expect to reap beans; if we sow cucumbers, we expect to reap cucumbers; if we plant an apple tree, off that apple tree we expect to get apples. Just so with any other tree—whatsoever we so, the same do we expect to reap. If we sow to the flesh, we must of the flesh expect to reap corruption; but if we sow to the Spirit we must of the Spirit expect to reap life everlasting.

Dear reader, I ask you this question, what seeds are you sowing? Are you sowing the seeds of the flesh, which is adultery, fornication, uncleanness, idolatry, hatred, variance, wrath, strife, sedition, envyings, murder, drunkenness, revellings, and such like? These are the fruits of the flesh. These are the things that bring corruption. I say, reader, are you sowing these things? or are you sowing the seeds of the Spirit, which are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance—these are the fruits of the Spirit. These are the things that will bring life everlasting. Remember, whatsoever we sow that shall we also reap. If you have not yet started to sow to the spirit, delay not, for "now" is the day of salvation, now is the accepted time.

Another New Book.

Another addition to the Warriors' Library, entitled "Three Coronations," is now ready.

It is a deeply interesting story of three officers who have "fought their way through," and gone to their reward. One spent her life in the British field, one served as a pioneer in the Women's Social Work, and a third lived and fought and died in India. Together they form a fragrant bouquet from the Garden of Service and Sacrifice. The next "Warrior," now in the press, is the Life of Oberlin, by Commissioner Oliphant. We are glad to find that Commissioner Raiton's Life of Colonel Junker is being well received. We believe it must prove of lasting value to all who read it.

A Strained Rope.

It is a question of time only when the sharp man will overreach himself, and the shrewd man, who goes as far as the law allows and always takes everything that is loose and unbranded, will find himself emmeshed in a dishonest deal. A strained rope will surely break. Conscience is a delicate thing to strain.

ON THE WAY TO ALASKA.

By LIEUT. COLONEL FRAEDRICE.

III.—FROM PRAIRIE TO SEA COAST.

Having been over the C.P.R. transcontinental line for a number of years, at various times, one cannot shut his eyes to the evident growth of the population and cultivation of the Great West. This is not so much noticeable in the towns of the prairie, which, with one or two exceptions, show no remarkable development, but the aspect of the country shows progress. Farm houses are increasing in noticeable numbers; old homesteads are enlarged and improved; thousands of acres are added yearly to those already under cultivation; live-stock is increasing, and an air of greatly-increased prosperity meets one everywhere.

One wonders naturally why the smaller towns which dot the railway line in Manitoba and the North-West Territories do not profit correspondingly. Their slow development, however, shows that they are not the direct sharers of the farmers' prosperity. Doubtless railway and postal facilities make it so very easy to put the farmers into touch with the large firms of Winnipeg, and a great deal of buying is done direct, instead of through the agency of the town merchant. Then, the country being used almost exclusively for farming and ranching, has so far given little opportunity for manufacturing concerns, without which few towns are progressive.

Farming is indeed carried on on a tremendous scale in Manitoba, yet the acres under cultivation compared with the vast expanse of land awaiting the toil of the pioneer, is but as a drop of water to a bucket full.

The prospects of this year's wheat harvest are good. Everybody is hopeful for another abundant reaping. Its value will be many times that of the entire gold output of the Yukon. And yet men will rather spend their money, their strength, and their time, risk disappointment, and endure great privation in the hope of finding the yellow metal, than settle down to the safer way of tilling the soil.

Activity is seen everywhere. Settlers have been streaming into the country by thousands. Besides the noted Barr emigrants, many others have left England to seek a new home in the West. They have come from Germany, from Scandinavia, from Hungary, from Galicia and Russia. Picturesque and otherwise are the various garments worn by the various nationalities that are furnishing the foundation for the new nation of Western Canada. May God grant that in the fusion of races there may be thrown out from each people its bad characteristics and its good qualities retained.

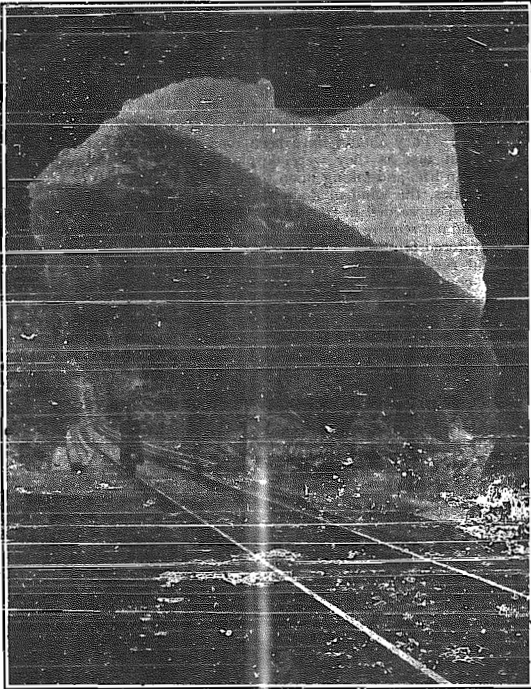
"Fautail Scotclman" was the name applied by someone to a grotesque-looking man of six foot two, with a cap something like an Army uniform hat, a good and fair-sized, well-gathered umbrella skirt, long-legged bloomers, which were gathered into the rim of the socks half way between knee and ankle, and boots of an indescribable pattern. But in spite of his unique attire the individual was a

splendid specimen of man, with an honest face, and doubtless a very desirable kind of settler to have.

Among the women, especially those of Slavonic race, gaudy-colored kerchiefs worn as headress, and bright dresses, were predominant.

One sees they all have come to work hard and live frugally. Doubtless they appreciate the chance of becoming independent land-owners and having the unaccustomed freedom of the Glorious West.

I left Winnipeg on Thursday afternoon. On Friday we left largely the wheat-raising region and entered the ranching country. Herds of



A remarkable view of the railway line, showing four tunnels in succession, along the narrow ledge of which the railroad skirts the swift-flowing river.

cattle, horses, and sheep are seen roaming everywhere.

Calgary is the chief centre for this part. It is a thriving town, with an imposing frontage of buildings on Main Street. The Salvation Army barracks is one of the splendid structures of the town, and the corps is full of life and promise. I had not the time to stay over, much to my regret.

Along some parts of the line we noticed many dead cattle. Upon inquiry we were informed that a disastrous storm about two weeks ago killed off many heads, chiefly cattle which had just been shipped from Manitoba to be fattened.

Saturday morning we awoke with the Rocky Mountains around us. The change of scenery is marked and ever varying. The lofty peaks, the glistening glaciers, snow-capped rocks in many fantastic shapes, opening valleys and tumbling, foaming mountain streams charm the eyes, enthral the mind, and makes one adore the Master of all this lovely creation.

Our train was a long and heavy one. Waiting for opposite trains, the break of a brake, and a few other causes, made us nearly five hours late when we reached the Glacier House.

The pure white glacier stood out magnificently in the diffused light of the dying day, while

the full moon rose pale above it. Forest fires had raised a transparent blue cloud above the valley in the distance, which no breeze dispersed, and the loops lay below us showing us four times our track, each time on a much lower level. We rushed down at great speed, through the canyon, and emerged at Revelstoke at the time respectable people prepare to go to bed.

Sunday morning we reached the Frazer River canyon. It was a very hot day. Indian invasions with their settlements are met frequently. Many tunnels meet us in the narrow road hewn out along the edge of the rocks very often. The frail, dangerous-looking, and often broken-down old Cariboo trail winds along the opposite bank. Over thirty years; pack-horses and stage-coaches carried many gold-seekers and their outfit to the Cariboo gold-fields; to-day the historic trail is fast falling into decay. Rock-slides, freshets, and rotting timbers are obliterating the trail which could tell a tale of human hopes and ambitions, woes and joys, baseness and heroism. Probably few of the many live who have witnessed those scenes, and very likely but few of the few who were fortunate enough to make their fortune enjoy it to-day. They have mostly gone over another trail, from which nobody returns to tell the tale of the fields beyond.

12.40 the train was due in Vancouver. Being five hours late on Saturday night, I could scarcely hope to reach the Pacific Coast terminus of the C.P.R. in time for the Sunday afternoon meeting, for which I was announced; but the train, spun along at a good rate, till about 3.20 we see the familiar streets of Vancouver and thunder into the last station.

(To be continued.)

A Curse on It.

Money which may be made at the risk of the morals of one's family is costly and uncertain. Mr. Moody made the statement that no family which had engaged in the liquor trade had escaped without the ruin of at least one member. Careful observation confirms the statement. Lot, with covetousness, chose the well-watered plains of Jordan and pitched his tent towards Sodom. Look at him in his old age, property gone, flocks gone, wife a pillar of reproach, all his family but two daughters gone, and these far gone toward shame. The last days he stood alone, or worse than alone, stripped of all he had, and his name a byword; to look into the innocent faces of the children of his bestiality—a horrible nightmare, a living condemnation of the folly of Sodom.

Lieut. Colonel Ruel conducted the Self-Denial Sunday meetings at Kingston, Jamaica, and was greatly cheered with the result of an altar service. Successful Candidates also consecrated themselves for officership.

ABANDONED.

(Continued from page 1.)

to see in these moral wrecks the shadow of what was once a man—or a woman.

Is there no hope for those whose condition may answer to the forlorn aspect presented by the picture? Aye, there is hope. It was the abandoned sheep the Good Shepherd said claimed His concern. He declared His mission was particularly "to seek and to save that which was lost." It may be that some reader may see in the pathetic illustration here given a reflex of his or her own condition. We rejoice that we are not limited to dwelling upon the dark side of the picture, but are authorized to describe a bright side to it. No matter to what extent you may realize you are abandoned, or the nature of the abandonment, the Great Shepherd is still out upon the highway, and His voice echoes through the mountains with the great invitation. "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." If you hearken to His voice and place yourself under His protection, you will find that He will bear you back to safety, and to a fold wherein is peace and joy, and withal there will be great rejoicing in the proclamation, "I have found that which was lost."

OUR GLOBE TRAVELLING ARMY
Great Britain.

Mrs. Booth has opened a new Rescue Home in Carter Street, Manchester, which will serve as a feeder to the Women's Rescue Home at Cheetham Hill. This development will enable the S. A. to deal with nearly one hundred women at a time in the two Manchester Homes. During the last twelve months 247 cases were passed through the institution at Cheetham Hill, but with the new Receiving Home the number will probably be increased to three hundred.

Colonel Lamb, who, during the past five years, has filled the important post of Governor of the Land Colony, Hadleigh, farewelled, preparatory to taking up an important appointment at the International Headquarters.

That the interest which Colonel and Mrs. Lamb has ever manifested in the welfare of the Colonists and officers has been appreciated there was abundant evidence in the farewell meetings, and expressions of regret at their leaving were uttered on every hand by those who have always found in the Governor a wise counsellor and a firm friend.

Some idea of the vast toil and anxiety that the management of such an extensive and complex piece of sociological machinery as the Land Colony involves may be gathered from the fact that, during busy seasons, there have been six hundred souls to provide for on the place.

During the Eastbourne riots, three young men became soldiers and formed a Praying Band. One is at present Band Sergeant of the corps, another is Capt. Fenouillet, of Wandsworth, while a third is a soldier on the old battleground.

United States.

In a previous issue of the Cry we informed our readers of the Denver arrest. Herewith we supply further particulars, by Ensign Muir, from which it will be seen that the Chief of Police ordered the charge to be dropped.

While Ensign and Mrs. Muir were conducting a blessed, soul-stirring open-air service at Denver last evening, the devil got mad again. Within a few minutes of closing, a policeman came up and ordered us to "move on," as our meetings were objectionable to a near-by saloon-keeper. The Ensign said he would close in a few minutes, and the policeman went away apparently satisfied. When the closing invitation was given several persons raised their hands for prayer, and a well-dressed young man stepped into the ring and, kneeling at the drum-

head, asked that we pray that God would save him. We knelt in prayer and dismissed the service, when, to our surprise, the patrol wagon drove up, and all in uniform were ordered under arrest, hustled into the wagon and driven to jail, where the name of each was taken. All were released upon promise to appear in police court the next morning.

When Ensign and Mrs. Muir, together with Brigadier Ludgate, went before the Chief of Police, he said he was sorry that our meetings had been disturbed, that the officers had overstepped the mark entirely in placing the Salvationists under arrest. He gave us to understand also that the Army would be given every possible privilege in our future open-air meetings.

On July 2nd the new Training Home will be dedicated by Consul Mrs. Booth-Tucker in New York City.

Commander Booth-Tucker, on his recent visit to the Pacific Coast, conducted an interesting meeting among the prisoners at the State penitentiary at San Quentin, California. We have in this prison a small corps, numbering fifteen soldiers and seven recruits. The Sergeant of the corps is permitted to conduct open-air meetings every Sunday morning, when the soldiers and recruits rally round the flag, and tell their fellow-captives of their emancipation from sin and the devil. These prison-comrades also meet twice a week for meeting, among themselves. In order to do this they forego their evening meal.

While the testimony meeting was in progress a poor deaf mute came to the front with a little scrap of paper bearing the inscription that he wanted to love Jesus Christ and to be saved. Fifteen men raised their hands for prayer as a token that they desired to live better lives.

Plans are under consideration for the opening of a Prison-Gate Home at Oakley, where discharged men can be cared for and assisted in the starting of a new career.

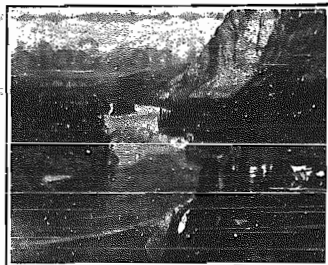
The Rescue Officers at Detroit, Mich., after leading a very successful meeting in the county jail, have been requested by the Board of Commissioners to conduct meetings there every Sunday afternoon.

The Army expects soon to place one hundred more families upon its Social Colonies in the United States at once.

At the Salvation Army Farm Colony in California, over five hundred dollars were raised a one month by the Colonists from milk and eggs.

India.

The purchase of land at Anand, Gujerat, for a hospital, has been completed, and one of the wards will shortly be ready. A dispensary will also be opened very soon.



Bow Valley, from O.P.H. Hotel, Banff.

The winding Bow River flows eastward, and by its floods and muddy banks causes many a dangerous wash-out along the railroad line, as well as overflowing its banks in the flat country around Calgary.

Australasia.

The winter outlook in Australia is not pleasant, and our leaders there are urgently appealing for funds to relieve the distress. The Lord Mayor recently convened a meeting in the Melbourne Town Hall, at which His Excellency Sir Geo. Clark said that beyond doubt there would be exceptional distress during the coming winter. Several causes are at work to bring about the distress. There were economic forces which had tended to restrict employment. Then there had been a great wave of entrenchment, and the drought. Apart from the exceptional distress existing, there was the chronic distress which seemed inseparable from great towns. The fullest co-operation was required in order to assist in obtaining work for the bona fide unemployed and securing for them prompt assistance. Feelings of Christianity and common humanity demanded that something should be done, and he would be willing to help in any way that it was possible for a Governor to help.

Further meetings are to be convened to deal with the matter.

In Christchurch, New Zealand, two Nursing Officers have been appointed in connection with Christchurch I. The Mayor and forty-nine leading gentlemen have promised to give between them fifty guineas yearly for the support of these two Nursing Officers, who will labor among the destitute poor.

Commissioner McKie has started "a shilling fund" for the purpose of raising money for our Social Work in Australia.

The Annual Report of the Salvation Army in Australia and New Zealand has just been published. It bears the title, "A Saving Federation."

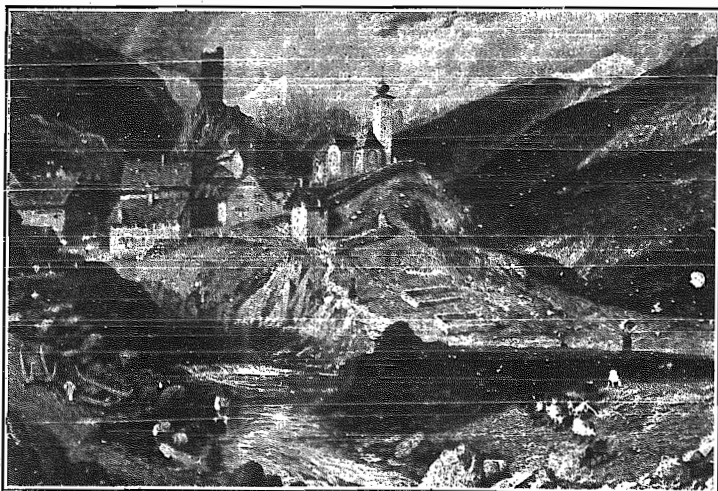
Holland.

The opening of the Home for discharged prisoners on the Land Colony in Holland by Commissioner and Mrs. Estill was said to be very successful. A great many friends were present, including Brigadier and Mrs. Schock. The friends were very much impressed, and the leading newspapers gave a very favorable report of the opening of the Home and the inauguration of the Prison-Gate work. The premises, which cost seven thousand guilders (£584), are very well adapted for the purpose of a Prison-Gate Home. The fitting up of the Home cost 1,500 guilders. Towards this amount 8,500 guilders (£708) was contributed by the friends of the work. There is a fine hall, which will be used as a dining-room, also a reading and sitting-room; the kitchen is large and very well suited for catering for the inmates, while the sleeping accommodation is excellent.

The police authorities in Amsterdam are very favorable, and have promised to afford us the necessary facilities for the carrying on of this work.

West Indies.

Capt. Christie, one of our Jamaican officers, has been promoted to Glory, after an illness of only two days. He was apparently one of the strongest of men, and had a very successful time at Port Maria. Lieut.-Colonel Rauch says he will be greatly missed for his work's sake.



St. Gotthard Pass, Switzerland.

The Soldiers' Arsenal.

NOTES ON GENESIS.

Chapter II.

We cannot leave the first chapter without noticing the great declaration with which it is closed—"That God saw everything that He had made, and beheld it was very good." Perhaps this anticipates what God did on the first Sabbath day. Anyway it conveys to us the great lesson that even the great Creator Himself recognized the rule of reviewing His own work. The solemn suggestion is impressed upon us that everyone will be compelled to review his own life, with all its deeds and actions. Doubtless the degree of our happiness and reward in the life to come will depend to a great measure upon the verdict that our own consciences can pass upon it. What can we say now as we review the past? Can we declare with the approval of our own consciences and the Holy Spirit, as we review our lives' efforts, "It is good"? How important that, as we progress along life's journey, and as we labor from day to day, our work is of that character that God can pronounce upon it as being "Good."

THE SABBATH.

Having finished the full program of the creation, God rested from the work He had made.

"The information supplied in this chapter is fundamental to the history of redemption. Here we learn of man's original estate; the conditions of the first covenant of works; the sanctity of the family relation, and the innocency of the first human pair. Without the information here supplied, the subsequent history of man and of redemption would be an insoluble enigma."

"And God blessed the Sabbath day and sanctified it; because that in it He had rested from all His work which He had created and made." God did not rest because He was weary, but because He had finished His work, and this rest was rather the refreshment of holy contemplation. There is something intensely gratifying in being able to admire one's own efforts—not in the narrow sense of sheer egotism, which is the quintessence of selfishness, but in that higher and grander sense of realizing that your efforts for the happiness and well-being of others have resulted in producing the desired result.

What a merciful and wise provision God made for the race in the institution of the Sabbath day. Some years ago French infidelity determined to annihilate it, and in keeping with the system of metric measurement, sought to have the tenth day as a holiday. The results were so degenerating upon the physical condition of the working people as to compel the authorities to return to the Bible measurement of time. Though primarily intended as a day for holy contemplation and worship, it is acknowledged by statesmen and physiologists that the ordinance is invaluable for the moral and physical benefit of mankind.

Jesus said, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." God set apart this day for man's benefit, and as a season in which man might contemplate His works and commune with Him.

God commanded that the Sabbath day should be incorporated in the Mosaic dispensation, and Jesus, by the above declaration, shows it was an unalterable purpose in the mind of God from the creation to the end of time, that man should recognize the solemn purpose of the Sabbath day.

The next few verses are a capitulation of the facts and order of the creation, and the character of man's creation as distinct from the animals is more clearly declared.

FIRST DUTY ASSIGNED TO MAN.

The next thing unfolded to us is the statement that God planted a garden in Eden. There has been a good deal of discussion as to where this was. Possibly its site may have been removed through the great flood by which the world, as it then existed, was destroyed. Some

able writers contend that it was at the North Pole. Relics of tropical plants and prehistoric animals supply no small amount of evidence in its favor. Like many other speculative questions, it happily does not effect our spiritual privileges as to where the exact situation may have been.

"And the Lord God took the man and put him into the Garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it." God made the world for man, and in it gave him opportunities for exercising that intelligence and skill which He had given to him. Unless such an opportunity had been given it would have been unnecessary for God to have made man superior to the animals. In this fact, too, we have it demonstrated that work is a necessity for man's elevation and progress. Man was made for work, and no legitimate labor is menial. The tilling of the soil is as much recognized by God as man's duty as preaching from a platform. Every man must decide by the aid of the Holy Spirit what his sphere of labor is, and then serve God in it, by doing his work to the best of his ability, and such work, no matter how insignificant in the eyes of others, cannot be menial in God's sight.

THE CREATION OF WOMAN.

"And the Lord God said, It is not good that man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him." Man was designed to be a social being, and was so created as to be capable of holding intercourse with other beings, as well as with God and angels. Thus God saw that man required a helper, not only to assist in his labors, but in sharing his counsels and reciprocating his feelings.

We see that God did not consider woman as inferior to man, but as the sharer of his responsibilities. How often a woman's intuition is found to be more reliable than a man's reasoning.

The position of woman can usually be taken as a mark of the civilization of its people. The effect of Christianity has been to elevate woman, and in turn her influence has proven to be one of the most powerful means of building up the nation's morality. How great is the influence of the women of our land in those great moral questions which will effect the lives of future generations.

Some writer has stated that the Army has done more to cause woman to be recognized as a factor in religious efforts and church work than any other organization. On the mission field, as a physician for the spiritual and physical ailments of those still in darkness and bondage, she fills her place admirably.

What a great day it will be for the race when the women of Eastern and other countries have their emancipation, and find their true place, for in that day the greatest stride towards universal civilization will be made, and the missionary motto, "The world for God," will have come much nearer glorious fulfillment.

OUR SACRED CHARTER.

THE FIVE BOOKS OF MOSES.

The Pentateuch is a Greek word, meaning the five-volume book; the Hebrew original, however, was written on a single roll. The ordinary Hebrew title is *The Law*.

The history and teaching of these five books form the foundation of all other books incorporated in the Bible, and are as such sacredly acknowledged by Jew and Christian.

Jewish and heathen tradition ascribe the authorship to Moses, which assertion is also supported by evidence in the text itself. Read Ex. xvii. 14; Ex. xxiv. 4; Num. xxxiii. 2; Deut. xxxi. 9-11. These passages clearly show that they were written by Moses himself, or by his order. Jesus also speaks of these books as given by Moses. (John v. 46, vii. 19; Matt. viii. 4; Luke xx. 37.)

Again the manner of writing and the nature of contents point to Moses as the author. They were written by a Hebrew speaking the lan-

guage, and cherishing the traditions of his people. Then, again, it shows the writer was intimately acquainted with Egypt and its learnings, etc. Yet nobody had access to Egyptian sciences except priests and royalty. Moses was the son of Pharaoh's daughter and learned in all the wisdom of Egypt (Acts vii. 22). The simple, correct, and fresh style of the descriptive portions also imply that an eye-witness penned them.

Nevertheless, we need not be so bigotted as to believe Moses wrote the Pentateuch word for word. Most likely he was acquainted with, or had access to, other records in existence before his time, and used in the compilation of some of the five books. Leviticus, if not written by Moses, was likely compiled by scribes under his direction. Deuteronomy contains records of Moses' speeches doubtless specially recorded by scribes and finally connected and put in its present shape by Joshua.

I.—GENESIS.

Genesis is a Greek word, meaning *origin*, or *beginning*, and is a term given to the book after the Hebrews' original. It is entirely unique and original; no other work of antiquity of any nation can compare with it. It is authoritative and terse, giving the history of creation exactly as the latest researches of science assert, and is the foundation of all history.

The plan upon which the book is constructed can easily be seen. The history of the people of Israel is traced from the three epochs: (a) The Creation, (b) The Flood, (c) The Call of Abraham. An account is given of the three patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. The story of Abraham is given at some length, that of Isaac very briefly; while that of Jacob is run into the life of Joseph, through whom the sons of Jacob are brought into Egypt.

The book shows an unmistakable unity of design, and the way secondary matter is never allowed to interfere with the main thread of the work shows the inspiration running through it.

It will be seen, therefore, that Genesis starts with the origin of mankind and narrows down to the patriarchs to whom God revealed Himself to create a peculiar people unto Himself.

It is truthful, for it does not hide the defects of the ancient Bible heroes; on the contrary, they are plainly pointed out, together with the retribution they brought upon their possessors, showing that God aimed in all men to work out His own image.

A careful reading of the text as given week by week on this page will prove a great help to fix in the mind and understanding the foundation of all of God's dealings with men and nations.

"I find the Bible more interesting than the newspaper," said a man with the eagerness of one who has made a discovery, and he had. Many men would be loth to admit that they would choose the daily paper above the Bible, but they do it day after day.

		HEBREW				GREEK		LATIN	
Letter	Value	Letter	Value	Letter	Value	Letter	Value	Letter	Value
א	Alph	ב	Beth	ג	Gaym	ד	Daleth	ה	Heth
ו	Vav	ז	Zayin	ח	Cheth	ט	Teth	י	Iod
כ	Kaph	ל	Lamed	מ	Meth	נ	Nun	ס	Samech
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BY BRIGADIER HORN.

Few individuals realize the real importance of this position; it is, nevertheless, one of the pillars of the Salvation Army government, seeing it is a means to uphold and advance one of our strongest means of warfare, "good literature."

To be a successful Publication Sergt.-Major it is incumbent that the comrade holding that commission should be, first, an A. I. Salvationist; secondly, should have a genial disposition, and, thirdly, possess sufficient legislative ability and natural character to make the Sergeants under his charge feel what value our S.A. literature is, and may be, in preaching the everlasting and ever-loved truths of our glorious salvation when other means very often fail.

Apart from the good that can be accomplished, as has been pointed out, there is another feature which very much affects the running machinery of the S. A., and that is, the financial question, a matter that all mortals have to battle with, and, in fact, to such an extent that a vast crowd of men and women make the getting of the same their chief pursuit in life. In the Army we call it "Sineus of war," and the harder it is to get these supplies the more difficult it seems to forward the spiritual operations; hence a great deal depends upon the Sergeant-Major as to whether the machinery will run smoothly or otherwise, seeing that the profits from the sale of the War Cry and other publications increase or decrease according to the heart and effort he puts into this.

While certainly giving all possible attention to the requirements of his own soul and the spiritual welfare of others, by bearing public testimony and upholding the hands of his F. O., yet he should feel that the pushing of the publications is his special duty and calling for the time being, and that he must use his best endeavors to bring this part to a standard of par excellence, and not be satisfied with anything short of that.

A Wrong Religion.

Depend upon it, there is not only something wrong, but things are all wrong with a religious profession that does not make a man tell the truth and be downright honest in every dealing in life. Sometimes it seems that a man becomes so engrossed with the thought of God's forgiveness of sin that he comes to regard sin and general deviation from rectitude lightly, practically saying to himself, "No matter, God is gracious and will forgive." He is less afraid to face the wrath of God than the wrath of man. He makes promises about paying bills, hoping unreasonably for a way of escape—a stretch of "faint" two years beyond his year's salary. A religion that does not incorporate the principles of the ten commandments into a man's life is not a religion of Jesus Christ.

Danger of Popularity.

Christianity is endangered by its own popularity and the great deference and respect paid to Christian men. Once the name of shame and the signal of persecution, no man would confess himself a Christian unless ready to lay down his life in the confidence that he had life eternal. Faith in Jesus Christ meant something then. It is a rare thing now to hear of persecution for Christ's sake in this country. Sometimes one will be jeered at a trifle, but praise and commendation are more often given. In the eyes of youth to join the church is no more than joining a popular lodge, and the cross is worn as an ornament just as the bespangled badges of the secret societies. "Now do I begin to be a Christian," said Ignatius, when about to be cast to the wild beasts, and rejoiced that his faith could stand the loss of life for Christ's sake. His faith had the element of heroism, a quality which is lacking in much of that which is now named Christianity.

As the firmament is bespangled with stars, so are the sacred pages with promises and divine engagements.—Charnock.

Local Officers' Page.

THE FAITHFUL OF FENELON FALLS.

TREAS. JAS. RABY has lived in Fenelon Falls since a boy of eight years of age. Raised under Christian influences, he went into sin, and always liked to have what he called "a good time." He attended the Army for over eight years after its advent to Fenelon Falls, and then he got saved at the Army penitent form, and from that time has proved himself a genuine Salvationist at home, among the farmers where he worked, and in the lumber camps, where he had some glorious times confessing Christ. Immediately after conversion he donned the uniform, which he still loves, and never attends a meeting without it. He has held a commission for Orderly Sergeant, and then for two years the position of corps Sergt.-Major, and now for four years he has been Treasurer, and has proved himself worthy of the position. He loves to feel that his officers get all the financial assistance possible, misses but few meetings, and goes in whole-souled for God. He is one of those Local Officers who are a joy to God and a blessing and comfort to their officers. His testimony is: "Thank God for the Salvation Army, and for all His beautiful blessings of power, peace, and joy, and all the good way in which He has led me. Amen!"



Treas. Jas. Raby.

position of Company Leader and now is the J. S. Treasurer. Previous to his conversion he was a member of the town orchestra, in which he played the auto-harp. He now plays it in our meetings, and at the musical entertainments gives us much charming music. He is one of those handy tradesmen of no mean order, being a painter, carpenter, paper-hanger, etc. There is nothing like the good old S. A. for him.

J. S. SERGT.-MAJOR MRS. STEVENS (nee Capt. J. Howcroft) was born in the town of Barrie. (I won't say when.) She met the Salvation Army in her native town shortly after they opened fire, and at the very first meeting she attended was dealt with about her soul, and was persuaded to go to the penitent form. She did not get saved, but through it she got very much convicted of sin.

Two years afterwards she got converted in the Army at old Richmond St., Toronto, under Capt. Madden, about seventeen years ago. Held several Local Officers' commissions, especially among the juniors, then for seven years was an officer in the field work. Two years ago last October she was married to Bro. Stevens, and for two years now has been in charge of the junior work in Fenelon Falls. Mrs. Stevens takes a keen interest in all matters concerning the juniors, for which work she seems to be specially adapted, and under her care it should flourish.



J. S. S.-M. Mrs. Stevens.

♦ ♦ ♦
SERGT.-MAJOR SARAH ELLERY is a native of Fenelon Falls, and when quite young was very fond of style and dress. When the Salvation Army came to the place, eighteen years ago, she caught the fire, and at a second meeting, they held found her among the crowd, and saved her so well she did not go back again. After six weeks she made her way to the penitent form and got gloriously saved, and now she loves to say that with the help of the Army she went all her life and now she has a new particle of it left.



S.-M. Ellery.

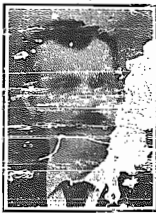
♦ ♦ ♦
SARAH ELLERY says she had a severe struggle in her life, but persevered and held fast to her God, and came out more than conqueror. It is nothing to walk the two miles from her home to the meetings, which she regularly attends, and can always be reckoned upon to do her duty faithfully. She is a true and loyal Salvationist; the Army's wellbeing and advancement is her great aim and joy. She has held several local positions in the corps, and for four years has been Sergt.-Major. Fault-finders and grumblers find no quarter in her dealings. Of a quick and witty turn of mind, she has a happy and cheerful manner, which is all sanctified to the glory of God, and proves an inspiration to her comrades and officers.

Two sisters are Army officers, and three sisters and a brother are soldiers.

The Secret of a Happy Day.

Five minutes spent in the companionship of Christ every morning, said Henry Drummond—a half, two minutes, if it is face to face, and heart to heart—will change the whole day, will make every thought and feeling different, will enable you to do things for His sake that you would not have done for your own sake, or for anyone's sake.

SECRETARY THOS. WEST was born in the Township of Fenelon. Of a very quiet and retiring nature, he did not go far into outward sin, yet felt he needed some power greater than his own to make him good. He attended the Army meetings for fifteen years, and for all that time could not be influenced to seek salvation; but on the 8th of April, 1900, when Capt. J. Howcroft was stationed in Fenelon Falls, he came to the penitent form and got grandly saved. He has shown himself a true Salvationist, and regularly attends the meetings, and is a good help to his officers. He is now on his second year as Secretary, which position he honorably fills. By trade he is a blacksmith and a partner of Poison & West. He is right at home in an Army musical meeting with a violin, which he can manage creditably. God bless Secretary West.



Sec. Thos. West.

J. S. TREAS. WM. STEVENS has spent all his life in Fenelon Falls, and in youth was surrounded by good influences from a good mother, which no doubt served to keep him from going into much outward sin, but he was very much set in trying to have his own way about matters, as he says, "I went to Sunday School, but that was only because I had to do so." For fourteen years he occasionally was to be found in the Army meetings, but on April 29th, 1899, he got converted at the Army penitent form, and was enrolled on Sept. 3rd of the same year, since which time he has taken an active part in the meetings and work of the S. A. He held the



J. S. Treas. Wm. Stevens.

position of Company Leader and now is the J. S. Treasurer. Previous to his conversion he was a member of the town orchestra, in which he played the auto-harp. He now plays it in our meetings, and at the musical entertainments gives us much charming music. He is one of those handy tradesmen of no mean order, being a painter, carpenter, paper-hanger, etc. There is nothing like the good old S. A. for him.

The War Cry.

PRINTED for Evangeline Booth, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, the North-Western States of America, and Alaska, by John M. C. Horn, at the Salvation Army Printing House, 18 Albert Street, Toronto.

All communications referring to the contents of *THE WAR CRY*, contributions for publication in its pages, or inquiries about it, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S. A. Temple, Toronto.
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All manuscripts to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly.

GAZETTE.

Appointments—

- MRS. MAJOR COOPER, Brantford, to Woodstock corps.
ADJT. WALKER, Ingersoll, to Windsor.
ADJT. H. SCOTT, Palmerston, to Petrolia.
ENSIGN HOWCROFT, Palmerston (2), to Essex.
ENSIGN BREHAUT, Woodstock, to Brantford.
ENSIGN CAMPBELL, Soul-Saving Troupe, to Ingersoll.

Promoted to Glory—

- Lieut. Moore, who came out from Clarendville, Nfld., on October 29th, 1898, promoted to Glory from Clarendville on June 7th, 1903.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Editorial.

The Yukon.

Ere this is in the hands of our readers the Commissioner, accompanied by the Chief Secretary, will be speeding towards the Yukon. It has meant no small sacrifice on the part of the Commissioner to arrange this tour, but it has been impossible for her to turn a deaf ear to the repeated requests which have been received at Territorial Headquarters from our comrades and friends in the far North. Five years have gone by, and except for a change of officers on two occasions, they have not even had the pleasure of seeing the fresh face of an officer. Now that the Commissioner and the Chief Secretary are to visit Dawson City, words fail us to express the joy which fills the hearts of our faithful northern comrades.

The season is extremely short in which it is possible to travel by boat to Dawson, hence the necessity of proceeding at once. Then there are business matters of great importance to be settled in the Yukon, necessitating the presence of the Commissioner, which, being adjusted, will count much to the future prosperity of our work in the Land of the Midnight Sun.

But as to the extent of the direct spiritual impetus which will be given by this visit to our heaven-blessed Army we cannot imagine. We are positive of this, that we shall be able to chronicle the facts that there have been a-lanches of salvation, and enormous crowds who have flocked into Dawson to hear the old, old story of the cross, beside the great inspiration given to our Alaskan and Yukon forces.

Winnipeg and other cities will also have the benefit of a visit from the Commissioner and Chief Secretary during the next few weeks, and from these centres we shall also hear that there "has been an abundance of rain," when thirsty souls shall have been refreshed, and much glory given to the name of Christ.

Camp Meetings.

Two meetings were conducted by the Commissioner at the Dufferin Camp on Sunday last, which could hardly have been excelled in any particular. Never have we seen crowds larger on an S.A. camp ground. On the Sunday afternoon and night the large tent was gorged with people, with fully as many seeking to gain admittance to the tent. The crowd flocked around the walls of the tent in such numbers as to almost suffocate those on the inside.

The Commissioner's addresses were wonderful, backed home as they were by the aid of the Holy Spirit. "See!" exclaimed one, "they are crying all over the tent." "Yes," we replied, "it means something more than human power when folks cry like that while straight salvation truths are being expounded."

Speaking of the magnificent Sunday's meetings under canvas at Dufferin Grove, reminds us that the time is now here for our comrades all over the Territory to make arrangements to catch the ear of the goddess through by means of camp meetings. It will pay for the trouble and the strength expended. It is the souls of the people we are after; let us see to it we do all possible to attract them to a place where they can be brought under the influence of the Gospel.

Good-Bye to West Ontario.

(By Wire.)

London, Ont.—Brigadier and Mrs. McMillan's farewell meetings on Sunday were a thrilling climax to three years' successful fight in Western Ontario. Provincial Staff and District Officers assisted. The Spirit's prevailing was felt in every meeting, and several sought and found pardon. The crowds were A 1, and finances excellent. Expectations are high for coming councils and meetings. One hundred officers to be welcomed in the Citadel Monday night. Full report later.

The Eastern Soul-Saving Troupe.

(Special.)

We arrived at St. Stephen on Thursday, May 28th, and in spite of this being the summer season, with its many attractions, our hall was well filled night after night. Our motto was: "God and souls." We worked hard and long for a harvest of souls, and God, who never fails to stand by us, gave us the victory and the devil was beaten. The crowds were never better, finances splendid, and forty souls sought salvation. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!

On the War Path.

(By Wire.)

Kentville.—Major and Mrs. Howell, assisted by Adjts. Jennings and Alward, Capt. Martin, and Lieut. DeBow successfully bombarded Kentville and conducted the most successful week-end in the history of the corps. Saturday night's musical festival was a grand success. Sunday morning the Major preached in the First Baptist Church, and in the afternoon gave the annual address to the Foresters in the Opera House. In the evening a large mass meeting was conducted in the Opera House. People highly delighted, more especially with the Major's carefully-prepared, up-to-date, and powerful address. People from Mayor down declared it to be the best meetings in history of work. Capt. and Mrs. Ford had made all necessary arrangements, and are doing a good work in Kentville. —Adj. Jennings, D.O.

Chatham.—Major Howell, accompanied by Lieut. DeBow, conducted special revival service last week at Chatham, N.B., and were reinforced Saturday by Newcastle officers and soldiers. The meetings were the best on record for years. Two souls, crowds excellent, income five times the average. Major's addresses were blessed by the Holy Spirit.—A. Kirk.

Territorial News etc.

The Chief Secretary has returned from his furlough much-improved in health, and looking more like his old-time self than we have seen him for quite a while.

Our comrades in Newfoundland have had to encounter a very severe and lengthy winter. On June 17th we learn the furnaces had to be kept going on account of the extreme cold weather. This condition has somewhat interfered with our work, but a letter has been received from the Sea-Girt Isle containing cheering news as to the prospects for the future.

Adj. Heift called at Headquarters the other day. He was well and happy to meet old comrades, but returned to the arms of Uncle Sam with evident pleasure.

From Sussex, N.B., comes the following cheering note:

"Dear Editor,—I have read the War Cry for sixteen years, never missing one number. Its pages have presented to me many facts which have caused me to think kindly of the Army and its workers for God and the poor. The front page every week interests me, and picture: out many of the sins which are in this world, pointing to a world where sin is not. The different officers who call on me week by week have been a blessing to me, and I feel I have been the better for meeting with them.

"I am a member of the Church of England, yet I get time and good by attending the S. A. meetings. My twin daughters, aged ten years, are members of the S. A. Sunday School, and have taken a musical part in many entertainments given by the Local Officers in Sussex, and I am pleased they are able to do so.

"God bless you in your good work, and extend my kindest love to the many S. A. officers and soldiers I have met. Yours with best wishes for the future,—F. W. Wallace, Editor of M. F. D. A."

Ensign A. Dodge, who has been on furlough at Pomona, Cal., for the past year, called in at T. H. Q., with his wife, the other day, looking considerably better. They have not been idle while on the Pacific Coast, but have been doing heroic work in the interests of the Kingdom and the S. A.

Robbed Lazarus.—Burglars entered the Trade Department while the officers were enjoying themselves at the Dufferin Camp Meetings on Sunday. As everything was secure save a Grace-Before-Meat box, which contained about a dollar, they got little. The poor wretch (or was it wretches?) broke a lock off the back door in making his escape, being afraid to make his exit from the front door, through which he had entered.

Ensign and Mrs. McLelland have been transferred from the East to the Central Ontario Province.

Capt. Webber, the late Provincial Cashier in the West Ontario Province, has been appointed to assist at the Territorial Training Home. Cadet Macey will take up responsibilities at the West Ontario war office.

Lieut. Alex. McMillan has gone to Spokane with his father, the Brigadier, and will miss his presence on the Territorial Headquarters. Donald, his brother, however, has arrived to fill the gap, and is already well in harness in the Commissioner's office.

Adj. Samuel Blackburn called at the Editorial Office on his way to the Old Land, and right glad we were to have a grip of his worthy hand. His record as a Salvationist is a long one. He has been an officer for twenty-two years, and can remember when he was Lieutenant at a corps having as soldiers Commissioners Carleton and McAlonan. He is truly one of the right stamp, and seeing nearly thirteen years have passed away since he crossed the "briny," we hope he will have a prosperous and happy journey. He smiled with glee when he told us he was stationed with a Captain who was the first Cadet in the S. A., and was going to see him on the Haddleigh Farm Colony. He mentioned a long roll of other veterans he would meet in that land beyond the deep blue sea. A snapshot or two of these greetings would be worth something.

The Commissioner at Dufferin Grove

An Excellent Start—The Commissioner Delivered Two Powerful Addresses, and was Mightily Assisted by the Holy Ghost—The Large Tent Gorged—Crowds Clamored for Admittance—Twelve Souls Cried to God for Mercy,

Saturday Night

THIS is an old saying, "All's well that ends well," but I think one could alter this statement to read "all's well that begins well," for I have found in my Salvation Army experience that if a campaign starts in a proper, go-ahead fashion, and the soldiers and Christian friends are full of faith and expectancy, there need be little tear as to the ultimate result.

It is pleasing, therefore, to have it to say that the opening attack at the Dufferin Grove Camp, at Toronto, on Saturday evening last, was of the kind to warrant our believing for a mighty outpouring of the Spirit of God.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire was the master of ceremonies on this occasion, and a short time prior to the meeting inside the large tent, led a successful open-air attack under the shady boughs of some near-by trees. The Cadets from the Territorial Training Home were there to assist with their fiery enthusiasm, hearty "Amen's!" and experiences. The lassies were made conspicuous by reason of their khaki costumes, which made an excellent uniform, besides I should judge, though not by any means being an expert in female attire, being extremely serviceable and comfortable.

Then members of the Headquarters Staff played salvation strains from instruments of brass. Short, stirring speeches were made, a good collection taken up, and a few moments later inside the large tent we found ourselves.

Twilight had set in and patiently we waited for the electric current to be turned on the arc lamps; still, the absence of artificial light was not as great an inconvenience as might be expected, for an old-timer was lined out and soon we were in full swing of a Salvation Army meeting. But we will not dwell longer on the preliminaries, except to say after the song a few pointed prayers were offered, then Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire had Staff-Capt. Manton solo to us "Only the blood can save." "Daddy" soon had things in a boil. Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin, Brigadiers Southall and Pickering, on the front bench of the platform, could be seen leaning well back in their seats, lungs well expanded, singing with might and main, evidently oblivious to anything but the enchanting tune and the sentiment expressed by the words. We could not resist following their example, and soon there was a tornado of song.

Small wonder Brigadier Southall, the Secretary for Special Efforts, who had largely been responsible for the arrangements of the Camp, should have been inspired to make such an excellent speech afterwards. He said something about the "reverberation" of something, but as the word provided considerable amusement the thought was lost to us, but the worthy Brigadier gave it out that the smiling faces of those present, and the spirit with which they had entered into the first meeting, were a very good omen that we had the right kind of earnestness in our hearts, that God was going to answer our prayers, and that He was going to do something extraordinary through His people in connection with the campaign. Our minds were carried back to the important part camp meetings had played in Methodism, and the "sky-cracking" times of some of our own out-door efforts at Big Bay Point and elsewhere. Yes, some of us remembered them, and we had good reason to believe for a season such as we had previously experienced, during the two weeks at Dufferin Grove.

One-minute talks followed, by Major Creighton and Staff-Capt. Scarr, which were on the right track, when Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire introduced to us a new song, which went with a swing, the chorus of which ran—

"Deeper yet, deeper yet, into the crimson flood,
Deeper yet, deeper yet, into the precious blood."

To say the folks sang the song would hardly

be correct, the whole audience seemed to respond to the word of Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire as though he had had before him a huge pipe organ. Over and over the song rang out, each time with greater volume and spirit.

Staff-Capt. H. Morris then spoke, laying particular stress upon the necessity of true repentance. Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin read to us from the 3rd chapter of St. John's Gospel, and for some little time the plain, straight Gospel was expounded to attentive ears. Notes from his own experience were given out, and some of the difficulties which face the penitent sinner explained. Feeling was not an essential to salvation. A story was related of a child who was asked where his sins were gone; he replied, "I don't know where they've gone to, but I haven't got them now."

The net was drawn in by Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire; a brother at the back of the tent held up his hand to be prayed for; soon he was at the front, and we were pointing him to the Lamb which taketh away the sins of the world.

Sunday Morning.

The weather is an uncertain quantity—when camp meetings are on it is especially desirous that rain should be conspicuous by its absence. The weather prophet had predicted the night before that it would rain to-day, and when we were awakened during the early hours of the morning by the "pitter-patter" of the water-drops, we felt his prophecy might come true. When the morning was further advanced, however, it was a cheering sight to see the struggling sunbeams endeavoring to force their way through the clouds, and the sky brightening.

The knee-drill was well attended at 7 a. m. It was decidedly a refreshing time, and two souls came to the cross.

The holiness meeting could scarcely have been better. Although the weather was extremely threatening, one hundred and fifty or more gathered, and a blessed, profitable meeting was the result. There was no reserve on the part of any. The proper salvation spirit pervaded the meeting, and especially helpful was Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire's Bible reading. The meeting closed with two souls seeking the blessing of a clean heart.—Fry.

Sunday Afternoon.

The every elements seemed to enter into the spirit of the hour—the weeping clouds dried their tears, and the sun looked out to see the Commissioner enter the camp.

Sunshiny influences were all around our encampment. The tents which had looked heroically damp in the morning's drizzle, now appeared just as fair and inviting as only canvas can appear in glorious June. No wonder that from all over the city hundreds were soon wending their way to where the red cross flag fluttered.

Did anyone hint that the Campaign Secretary's faith was great when he ordered that mammoth tent? Away with such doubting suggestions as 3 o'clock drew near, and not only was the canvas tabernacle taxed to its utmost capacity, but a crowd from ten to twenty deep pressed close to the porous walls to catch what inspiration and blessing might come through.

Several months have passed since the Commissioner's last meeting in Toronto. Various parts of the Territory have claimed her presence and now that it had again come round to the turn of a Queen City platform, the event was one of importance and pleasure to all. Her entrance between the canvases was greeted with applause, which could scarcely be subsided in time for the opening song—the Cadets obedient in all but this, clapping, waving, and shouting in an irrepresible fashion. Every time our leader rose to her feet the same scene took place, demonstrating—but who does not know how Toronto loves the Commissioner?

"Who'll be the next?" It was an inspiring opening song—there was a joyful, expectant emphasis on the "next." We looked round on the cool-garbed lassie-Cadets with their radiant faces, on the solid phalanx of sturdier undergraduates on the right flank, on the full-moon splendor of Staff-Capt. Manton's countenance, the satisfied happiness of the various Headquarters dignitaries on the platform, the shining smile on the Commissioner's beloved features, something was expected to happen. The penitential form, already consecrated by the tears and prayers of the morning, was in evidence from the start.

It was going to be no gloomy meeting though. An infectious gladness pervaded us. "I'm glad I'm converted, aren't you?" cried the Commissioner, sending a thrill through every redeemed soul and eliciting a tremendous volley in the affirmative, and Major Stanyon's prayerful gratitude—"Lord, we thank Thee for a service which is no irksome drudgery, but a delight"—put another touch on the element of holy joy. Was it fancy, or did some of those stranger faces and hungry eyes, telling out the secret of burdened hearts, begin to look anxious?

It is fully twelve months since the Red Knights have given a part song in Toronto. This time they gave us a new selection—a dainty salvation setting to that old filling memory, "The Old Oaken Bucket."

Then a tune from the Staff Band, and Willie and Pearl are mounting two chairs with nimble feet. Their song of the unfailling love of Jesus is tender and sweet. The stanza,

"He clothes the lovely lilies,

The ravens He doth feed,

He careth for the orphans,

Supplies their every need,"

was exceptionally touching from their lips.

But all the preliminaries are over now, and every eye is focussed upon the slim figure in khaki, with the red cross on her waist and the Calvary love in her face, for the Commissioner's address is the event of the afternoon.

Three minutes, no less than that, and every attention is rivetted, three minutes more and every mind is being laid hold of, three minutes more and every heart is laid hold of, and ere long tears making unexpected channels down many cheeks are testifying how the very soul of the throng is appealed to.

What is the secret of such a spell? we cannot help asking as we look on these unmistakable evidences. Orator? Yes, there is much of it, and of rarely eloquent character. Logic?—it is the foundation of every erection the Commissioner's words are building. Earnestness?—this, too, is manifest in every gesture and expression; but something more than this trinity of powers holds the key of the mystery—it is the power of God. Nothing short of it that makes every sentence fall like burning lava upon the seared conscience, and every reminder of His love drops like living water upon the parched thirst of the hungering soul.

Searching questions probe the heart: "Is there anyone here going after the forbidden thing from which they have sworn to keep free? Beware!"

Excuses find no place. They sweep down before such declarations as "No soul need be wrecked by the iniquity of another."

So the tide of conviction sweeps on, and many heads which have been lifted high in pride and self-complacency begin to droop low.

There is a hard-fought prayer meeting—we realize we are not going to win without a struggle—but the burden rolls from at least one heart, and as to the rest, we shall meet them again to-night, and they will meet—ah, who can tell what?

Sunday Evening.

The weather is still glorious, and gentle breezes fan the canvas. Grateful indeed is the breath of those breezes, for the huge tent is again packed to suffocation, and the awnings are lifted to permit the dense crowd outside to participate.

The audience is a singularly representative one, as camp meetings so often are. In a tent strange elements co-mingle, and among the ropes outside we have hearers who never darken

(Continued on page 12.)

MORALITY AND SPIRITUALITY.

BY CANDIDATE JENNIE F. GRATTO.

It is surprising the number of people in the world to-day who claim that a life of morality is all that is required to fit them for heaven. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, proves the need of regeneration when He says, "Verily, verily I say unto thee, except a man be born again he cannot enter the Kingdom of God."

A moral Nicodemus was told he required something deeper than that which is passed by the world for morality. Ah, you who think you are good enough, remember God's standard is not morality, but spirituality. And without this new birth no one can see or enter the Kingdom of God. You may be a member of the church, and a reader of the Bible, and you may spend time praying and weeping and obeying God's laws, but it is only labor lost, unless you have in the first place this "born again" experience.

Morality is all right, and a very good thing to have as far as the world is concerned, but when you are brought face to face with the eternal world, and have to stand before God's judgment bar, the question will not be how your standing was with the world, but how your standing is in the sight of God.

Unconverted sinner, you say you hope to be saved, but how can you expect to enter heaven in your present state of mind?

God did not send His Son to condemn the world, but that the world, through Him, might be saved, and those who have turned from the world and the things of it, and filled their eyes with the atoning cross, and directed them to the risen Living One at the right hand of God, have been taken out of the old creation, which is condemnation and death, into the new creation, which is justification and life. And this is the truth which Christ taught in His conversation with Nicodemus, and the whole of the Gospel of John, in which it happened, is a copy of the mind of Christ on this point.

Ah, you who are only moral living, beware of morality, and come to the blood of Christ, which alone can make you clean. You remember the petition of David of old, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." Jesus says, "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth." Look away from the world and away from yourself, look only to Jesus, and trust in Him as your Advocate if you would not tremble before Him as your judge. Accept His invitation, if you would not hear Him pronounce your doom! Welcome Him now to your heart, that He may welcome you into His Kingdom.

G. B. M. NOTES.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

By ENSIGN WHITE.

Since last report quite a number of places have been visited, and owing to the Self-Denial efforts, some of the offerings have been a little low.

At Wingham I spent a very pleasant time, but the crowds were small. Sister Mary Campbell is doing very well with the boxes, but I think she intends to do even better in future.

My next appointment was Listowel, where I was met by Capt. Donney. The new barracks has now become an accomplished fact, and the comrades are quite happy. Father Tremaine's box-money was a little low, but he hopes to do better again.

At Palmerston I spent the week-end, and we had a good time. The box-money was about the same. Let us do all we can to improve this work.

We had a very nice time at Dryden. The open-air was good. Very timely sermon, with the Captain's assistance, collected the box-money, which was a little better this quarter. Praise the Lord!

At Guolph I was doomed to disappointment. Both nights it poured with rain, so that no one came to the meeting. The box-money was also low, but Mrs. Smith is determined to bring it up again.

We had a very good time at Heppeler. Mrs. Johnson again did well with her boxes. The box-money was a little behind last quarter, but I have no doubt there will be an increase next quarter.

I spent the week-end at Galt and had a very good time. God was with us and blessed us. Mother Edgerston, who has been a very faithful G. B. M. worker, has again done well and deserves great credit for all the effort she has put into the work.

We had a nice time at Paris. Sister Aggie West was again our guest. The sale in a G. B. M. worker, and her box returns, came out all right.

At Brantford I spent the week-end. We had a good time, but the rain somewhat hindered the Sunday meetings. Mrs. Major Cooper has gone home to see her aged mother, who is very sick. The Local Agents here did very well. Thank you very much, comrades.

We had a splendid meeting at Tillsonburg. Capt. Sharpe collected the box-money, and certainly did very well. We had a very nice meeting, and the people seemed pleased to see us in their village.

We had a very pleasant time at Simcoe. The box-money was not low, but we shall look for an improvement. Mrs. Cole has been appointed Local Agent, and now we shall see what we shall see.

At Norwich it rained all evening, so that the meetings did not amount to much. Mrs. Stead did very well with her boxes.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

BY COMMISSIONER POLLARD.

From the first the Salvation Army confined itself to the essential truths connected with man's relationship to God; his ruin by the fall of man; his redemption by the sacrifice of the Son of God; and God's claim upon his whole-hearted and unreserved service.

It stands firmly and determinedly by the whole Bible, believing it to be the inspired Word of God, and the revelation of His will and purpose concerning the life that now is and that which is to come. No "Higher Criticisms" or "Larger Hopes" have been able to move it from this implicit faith in the entire Scriptures.

Containing itself to the essential truths to which I have referred, the Army has resolutely refused to permit the introduction of controversial questions of doctrine or teaching, which, while not being necessary to salvation and holiness of heart and life, would be calculated to cause division and strife.

We preach salvation to the uttermost to all who will repent of their sins and accept it by faith.

We preach holiness of heart and life through the cleansing blood of the atonement and the sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit.

We preach an eternal reward for those who love and serve God on earth, and an eternal punishment for those who reject His offered mercy.

One of the most, if not the most, important lesson the Salvation Army teaches the Church of Christ is the power of personal testimony. Just as the foundation truths of Christianity were made known by the early disciples, humble and uneducated people as they were for the most part, going to and fro hearing their personal testimony to all they had seen and heard, so the Salvationists have gone about the world bearing personal testimony, at the street corners and in the houses of the poor and wretched in every land, to the power which has turned them

who, under the Salvation Army banner, are living amongst the natives and winning them for Christ. Some of the grandest work in done by women, and they have been instrumental in bringing about some of the most striking achievements.

Yet another lesson is the power of an uncompromising attitude on the question of temperance. The Salvation Army is the greatest temperance organization in the world, inasmuch as every one of its members is pledged to total abstinence from the use of intoxicating drink. The power of such a testimony, when dealing with the classes of whom I have already spoken, whose sins and sorrows are, alas! only too often traceable to the intoxicating cup, is beyond all expression.

Lastly, the movement teaches the great lesson of faith. It is by faith that His Army, with its numerous branches of religious humanitarian enterprises, with no endowments or financial guarantees, and requiring one million pounds sterling every year to maintain its multitudinous operations in all parts of the world, is preserved and supported. The Salvation Army is a great lesson in faith.

Thousands of men and women have been turned from the paths of vice and shame to those of truth and righteousness, and have forsaken the halls of drink and debauchery for the House of God. Thousands of homes which had been made sad and sorrowful through drunkenness and crime, have been made glad and joyful by the presence of the Lord. The streets and the criminal classes daily hear of God. His love and mercy, in the various institutions established for their benefit throughout the world.

Many of our faithful workers have gone to their eternal reward, but there is still an army of active, earnest souls who are living lives of toil and self-denial, while fighting the grand purpose for which this movement has come into being.

TRAINING HOME TIPS.

By STAFF-CAPT. PEBBLY.

Through the kindness of Major Stanton, the Cadets, with the T. H. Staff, had a very enjoyable picnic at Centro Island. It was quite a relief from study, and very much appreciated. Major and Mrs. Stevens held a warm place in the hearts of the Cadets. This was only one of the many expressions of their thoughtfulness and care. Of course, as might be expected, there were a few flippant remarks next day, the writer included; but no recollection remains, and, our threefold feelings will soon wear off.



Officers and some of the Soldiers of North Bay Corps, Capt. Bond and Lieut. Crocker, the Officers in Charge of the Corps, are in the Centre of the Group.

from darkness to light, and enabled them to spend their lives in the praise and service of God.

In the Salvation Army the preaching is not left to the minister or officer, but all are encouraged to openly proclaim the great deliverance which has been wrought for them. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

Nothing is more constantly insisted upon among Salvationists than the necessity and power of personal holiness. This it is not sufficient to take a place in the general assembly, or to take part in the ceremonials or observances of any section of the Christian Church; but there must be a personal surrender to God, a personal faith in His ability and willingness to save, and a personal consecration to His service.

Another lesson is what we might call the value of lay agency. I am aware that in many directions this is already recognized to some extent, but I would urge the importance of going much farther. In the Salvation Army everybody is expected to work. In speaking, praying, singing, the visitation of the sick and of the houses of sin and shame, and in many other ways there is work for all to do; and the responsibility for doing it rests directly upon the professed servants of God, of whatever name, sect, or creed. The need is great, and all must be up and doing.

Another great lesson which I think this movement teaches is the responsibility of the church for the masses which are outside the compass of its ordinary operations.

A further lesson is the value of aggressive measures. The Army has led the way in overcoming popular prejudice to the introduction of methods of attracting and inducing the common people—methods which would not have been tolerated thirty years ago. We have evidence of this in many other kindred agencies, which, following the example of the Salvation Army, have, in a measure, adapted themselves to the peculiar conditions of the poorer classes, and have established various schemes for their temporal and eternal salvation.

A great lesson which has yet been but imperfectly learned, but which has been set forth by this organization, is the power and influence of sanctified women in the work of God. Mrs. General Booth led the way in public preaching, and many leading men of the Christian Church are among the witnesses to the power and success of her ministry. Thousands of devoted women in the Salvation Army have followed in her footsteps, for we believe that women have an equal right with men to share in the work of love and mercy, including the public proclamation of Christian truth.

With us, the ministry of women has been manifestly blessed and blessed by God in all parts of the world. Amongst our most successful leaders in India are women of position and education,

Preparations are being made for the Commissioner's Camp Meetings at Dufferin Grove. It is so small undertaking to move nearly fifty people out for nine days. The whole affair is exciting a lot of interest and expectancy. Many of the Cadets are strangers to camp life, and the novelty of the experience is a great attraction. Then the meetings will be taken in wholesale. The fact that our beloved Commissioner is to speak several times will be a rare treat in itself, apart from the other notable speakers. Cadets know how to appreciate a good thing.

Of course, there will be Cadets on guard—not with a rifle, but they will try and look as austere as possible without these when danger approaches.

There will be school every morning and meetings the rest of the day. The exemption from household duties, to a large extent, will be very acceptable, especially to the ladies. Altogether, a grand outing is expected, linking study, recreation, and religious duty together in one grand bond of helpful, useful, and novel experience.

The Commissioner's lecture the other day on "Soul Saving," was much appreciated. The Cadets were delighted with the practical suggestions given for soul-saving work. The one desire of the lady and ladies is that they might have another similar one before leaving the city. Our beloved leader is always a welcome guest at the T. H. God bless her.

Our two meetings at Terkettle on Sunday were enjoyed by us, and we believe by the people. The male assistant and his flock held forth in the afternoon, and were reinforced by Major and Mrs. Stanton and Staff-Capt. Peary and the ladies at night. The several souls that returned to God were no doubt pleased that we came.

Singing we are rarely inside a meeting, it was quite a treat. Sergt-Major Chorley eyes could scarcely realize as we was inside. We do have blessed seasons on the street, there is no doubt about it. Only the next night two souls sought the Lord at the open-air ring. The meetings are concluded with a regular prayer meeting. Fasting and a drum psalter form constitute a very important feature. Cadets will know by experience. At my next meeting, I expect will be carried before the camp, and possibly our last together. Soon the Cadets in blue will be helping conduct their own meetings.

From Ocean to Ocean.

PROVINCIAL OFFICER'S VISIT.

Black Island.—We have been favored with a visit from our worthy Provincial Officer, Brigadier Stinson, accompanied by Adit. Byles, late of Canada, and Capt. Oxford, of Morton's Harbor. They gave us a grandiose speech, which everyone enjoyed.

FAITHFUL OFFICERS FAREWELL.

Brampton.—After being in command of the ship in this city for the past fourteen months, Mrs. Major Cooper and Capt. Maizey have said good-bye to us. Many battles have been fought, and many victories won, with them as leaders.

FOUR CAME TO CHRIST.

Cornwall.—Eugene Poole has just paid us a visit. The lantern service entitled "Bible's Bible," was grand, and the people were very much interested.

THE TARGET SEVERE.

Grafton.—It is some time since we defeated Self-Dental here, and with God's help we reached our target. The ladies of the church were very kind, and collected quite a sum of money.

A CHICAGO VICTOR.

Hamilton II.—Since coming to our new corps God has been blessing us, and already we have learned to love the people. We reached our Self-Dental target. Praise the Lord, our officers were very kind, and collected quite a sum of money.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER SEEK GOD.

Kentville.—In spite of the doubting devil, which is always very troublesome at Self-Dental time, we can report victory. Our target is safe, and in the hands of the Provincial Officer.

FIFTEEN AT THE CROSS.

Legar St.—It is quite a time since you heard from us, but according here we have been in a rush with house and barracks cleaning, pushing the Self-Dental effort, and other corresponding here at present.

FOUR TOOK THEIR STAND FOR GOD.

Loueburg.—We are glad to report continued progress in our work. Things never looked brighter than they do at the present time. On Sunday four souls came forward, and are taking their stand as recruits.

VERY ATTENTIVE.

Nelson.—The weather is getting warmer get larger. An average of eight widows turn out to it to hold up Christ in the Army's cathedral. These are mostly bandmen, and soldiers.

THE EDITOR'S VISIT.

New Westminster.—In prayer and faith we march on. We will never surrender. The fight is tough, but God is enough. He will send us the victory, and we will have some special times.

The comrades all did well. Our target of \$170 was handsomely exceeded. Sister Mrs. Blais called the hour of championship, but our G. M. Agent, Mrs. Mercer, ran her a close second.

TWENTY-TWO SOULS BOUGHT PARADISE.

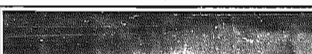
North Sydney.—The Monday night we had the arrival of the prodigal son acted out by some of our young Hallelujah braves, ably assisted by Capt. Leanos. Our Lieutenant, who comes all the way from Ontario, acted the prodigal very well indeed.

A YOUNG WOMAN SURRENDERED.

Ogdensburg.—The fight is still going on here. We had a good week-end, the Spirit of God was working upon the hearts of the unconverted, and one young woman surrendered.

PEOPLE WILL TALK.

Peterboro.—On Sunday God was with us and we believe many were converted of their sin, although none would yield. Leuit. Phillips has arrived to assist us. May God bless her for the work she is doing for us all.



On the Shoras of Lake Nipissing.

VICTORY IN OUR INDIAN WORK.

Port Essington.—Since last report we had four soldiers converted, one baby dedicated, and on Sunday we had one hundred and fifty on the march and over six hundred people inside the barracks. We also secured our target for Self-Dental.

ENROLLMENT AND DEDICATION.

Smith's Falls.—We are having beautiful times here and God is still blessing us. On Sunday afternoon, at our tentance meeting, a good crowd was present. Two of our sisters, who were at the station on Saturday night with their War Cry, invited the people to the tentance meeting.

BARRACKS PACKED.

Somerley.—On Sunday night, June 7th, we said good-bye to Capt. Redmond. He has been with us for two weeks, and during his stay has made many friends.

THE TARGET REACHED.

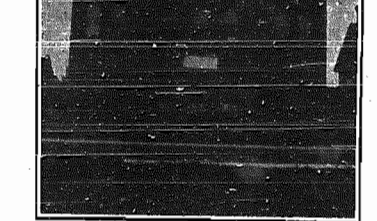
Suaxe.—We are pleased to report victory. Since last report we have had some souls converted, and our target has been reached. The soldiers deserve great credit for the work they have done in which they helped during this effort.

EVERY CORPS' FAITHFUL LABOR.

Tilsonburg.—We are very sorry to lose our officers, Capt. and Mrs. Sharpe, who have labored faithfully here for the past eight months, and have done much good and won the respect and affection of all classes of believers.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We frequently receive contributions, especially corps reports, in open envelope, with one-cent stamp affixed to it. Will our correspondents please take note that the postal regulations have been changed for some time now, and printers' copy has to be mailed at the ordinary letter rate, namely two cents for each ounce.



B. A. Barracks, St. Thomas, Ont., at the time of the Centennial Celebration.

The Editor at Winnipeg.

On June 3rd Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich gave us a special meeting. The Colonel being at one time a Winnipeg soldier, quite a crowd assembled to give him a welcome home. The Colonel's address was with a great deal of interest. "Sweet Sixteen," which was looked forward to with a great deal of interest.

Revivalists at Brampton.

The Provincial Revivalists are here. This is how Salvationists greeted each other on the morning of June 9th, and the little group of soldiers which compose the Brampton corps prepared to support the new arrivals. The meetings were held every part of the week were exceptionally good, but this rain on Friday and Saturday somewhat hindered.

Harmonic Revivalists.

We arrived at Ganouqueville O. N., and received a welcome at the station by Captain and Mrs. Fogler, also the Sergt.-Major of the senior corps. On account of the illness of Mrs. Fogler, the Captains is working in the town, and we had to take charge of the corps and Self-Dental effort.

Three Days at Moorhead.

The G. B. M. Agent's visit, a Hallelujah Wedding, and a visit from our P. O., Major Burditt, all crowded into three days, made things interesting. Ensign Mercer had the most interesting stereopticon service, which was a heavy matter, and a next sum was presented by a very good crowd on Monday night. One man who had been admitted free, before the close stood up saying, "That's worth the price of admission. I'll pay it."

The Commissioner at Dufferin Grove.

(Continued from page 9.)

the doors of a place of worship. Ladies in bitterly summer costumes have halted in their usual Sabbath evening stroll, and brought their escorts with them; haggard-looking men in torn jackets venture to slip into a seat; some citizens of note and wealth screw into small spaces upon the crowded forms altogether inadequate for their width and importance! Old men are here, propping up their ear the better to catch ever accent; tired mothers are almost smothering the deep breathing of tiny children, the more perfectly to share in the inspiration of the moment. Rows and rows of young men outside, of the careless, drifting type—here with eyes nearly starting from their sockets, hands clasped, and deep-drawn husky breaths.

Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin's opening prayer laid hold of heaven, the Red Knights' part-song of the "Backslider's vision," pleaded for heaven, Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire's solo revived longings after heaven, and when the Commissioner rose in the dusky twilight of the summer night it was to warn us of the barriers of heaven, and show a light on the way there.

Long ere the electric light illuminated the canvas dome the Commissioner had turned the searchlight on, and the scene was one of revelation and conviction such as we have seldom seen. The Commissioner had not gone far before the tent seemed a foreshadow of the Judgment Throne.

Emotions, under the recital of pathetic anecdote, is one thing; uncontrollable feeling called forth by straight declaration of truth and denunciation of wrong is another—and to our mind a far greater one. Hence we looked with involuntary wonder at the cringing forms, trembling faces, and brimming eyes which could be counted by hundreds as the Commissioner drew her sword unto blood.

"Sin is stronger than your good resolutions," cried the speaker, and some young men winced at the direct-spiced arrow.

"Will you not face the difficulty before it faces you?" Shifting souls and drifting consciences flinched at the pertinent enquiry.

For the fearing, the faltering, the troubled, there were tender words of entreaty, faithful words of warning. Fancies were not tickled, creeds were not catered for—it was the whole counsel of God that was dealt out, and that with no sparing hand.

The physical effort was a superhuman one for the speaker. Her audience was fully as great outside as it was in, and the attention given, even on the outskirts of the bystanding throng, showed that her clear-voiced utterance reached far.

Without, the scene was almost as interesting as within. People stood throughout the address, all tightly wedged, many on tip-toe, some going through struggles to squeeze their hands into their pockets after badly-needed handkerchiefs. Numbers were evidently strangers to the Army and evinced huge curiosity.

"I say, mister, is that her?" was the ungrammatical query with which the uniform was sometimes hailed.

But the man who most impressed us was he of the burly form and vigorous gait who pressed his way out of the tent at a late hour, with flushed face and glistening eye-balls, exclaiming to all and sundry:

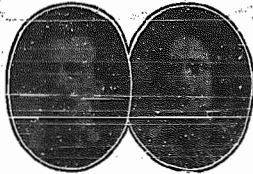
"My stars, but ain't that a terror. She's the greatest speaker I ever heard, and makes a fellow feel about things in a mighty curious way too. 'Pears as though she could keep going on for another two hours yet!"

A tent prayer meeting is by far the hardest, yet red-hot were the closing scenes, and white-hot the closing feelings. Seven souls set free from condemnation, the definite result of the day, as mortal pen makes up the register, but in the heavenly score the winnings are we believe, far more than trebled, and the heroic fight of the Commissioner and her devoted aides eternally worth while.—A. L. P.

A large apartment house in Warsaw collapsed suddenly, and the bodies of nineteen persons were taken out of the ruins. It is reported that probably there are many more dead in the debris.

GOOD-BYE TO THE PACIFIC.

The Sunday morning knee-drill started the day's farewell meetings of Brigadier and Mrs.



Hargrave well. God came near and our souls were blessed for the day's fight. At the holiness meeting the Brigadier's talk on "Be thou faithful," was well seasoned, and the truth went home. In the afternoon three open-air brigades were going at one time. Inside at three o'clock a nice crowd gathered, although the heat was intense. Mrs. Hargrave's singing of "Sins washed away," was enjoyed by all. Everyone was pleased to see her again after her long illness, at the front of the battle.

What shall I say of the night meeting? The singing of Brigadier and Mrs. Hargrave and the two little girls, also the solo of Mrs. Hargrave and the lesson by the Brigadier, which was clear and to the point, went home to every heart, and Mrs. Hargrave, as she drew in the net, held the attention of everyone as she brought before them the picture of a wrecked soul. Words of mine fail to give an idea of how that audience was held spellbound.

We started the prayer meeting believing for results, and they came. A man and wife knelt at the mercy seat and were pardoned. We closed at 10.30 praising God for the day's victory.

We shall miss Brigadier and Mrs. Hargrave and the little girls, also Sergt.-Major Norbury. The Sergt.-Major has worked long and faithfully with the Band of Love in the city, and shall be greatly missed; but our loss will be West Ontario's gain. We pray that God will bless them there. We welcome Brigadier and Mrs. McMillan and family to the Pacific Province.—Original.

The British lines of communication between Barbera and Bohotle, Somaliland, East Africa are threatened by the forces of the Mad Mullah. Three companies of the Hampshire Regiment and 300 native troops have been ordered to proceed from Arabia to Somaliland June 20th. Further confirmation has been received of the reports that three British officers are prisoners in the camp of the Mullah. About 14,000 Abyssinians are now co-operating with the British against the Mullah's forces.

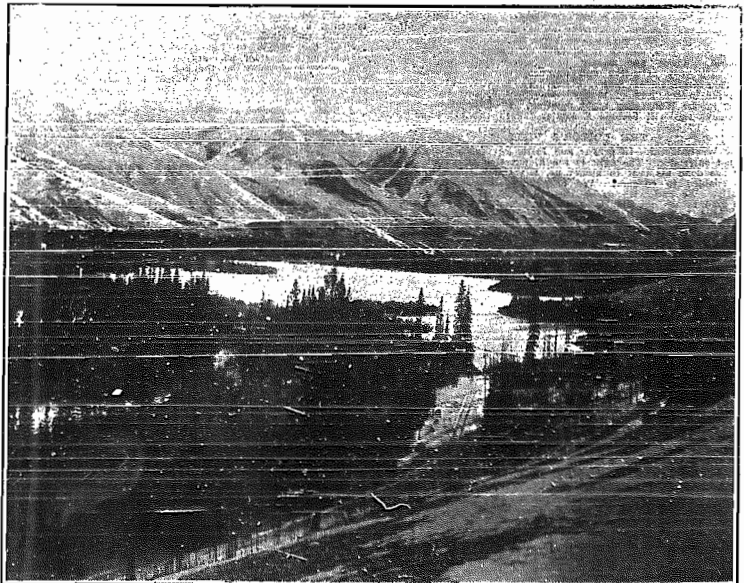
THE GENERAL.

The General has concluded one of the most interesting and remarkable of his continental journeys: The fortnight spent in Switzerland was full of striking events, and afforded him much ground for thanksgiving, and the week of meetings in southern Germany has abounded in wonderful tokens of God's goodness, as well as evidences of the mighty opportunity before the Army in the German Empire. In both countries the General has been received by all kinds of audiences, and though dense in everything else, they have been all alike in one thing: there have been no halls large enough to contain the crowds, with the most marked attention, his messages again and again creating a profound impression on all classes. His health continues satisfactory, and beyond some extra fatigue, he returned to London no worse for the tour.

The continued freshness of the General's public appeals is a constant subject of comment by all who hear him. There is a vigor and energy about his addresses which can only be accounted for by the persistent heat and vehemence of his character—the native intensity which he still brings to every opportunity and to every duty. "As the time flies past," states the Chief of the Staff, "I more than ever rejoice in it all, and in that openness and eagerness of mind, as well as generosity of soul, which he seems always to cultivate. Years do not dim it, trials and disappointments without number have not dampened the splendid fires of love, and hope, and zeal which God Himself has kindled. What an inspiration and example it is for us all! At least let us praise God for it continually."

Altered Angles.

The strut of a two-year-old child may be laughed at by its ecstatic parent. The precociousness of a ten-year-old may make him wince. The brag of a seventeen-year-old youth will exasperate him, and the wondrous knowledge of twenty years makes the young man an intolerable nuisance. Some years of hard hammering in the employ of others than his relatives may give him sense. What experiences a young man has to go through before he is fit to fill his place in life and rightly adjust himself to his fellowmen with proper respect and consideration for them, and understanding for himself! Joseph may not have been such a boy as described, but it is certain that his years of service as a slave and in prison made a man of him capable of ruling a nation.



Vermillion Lakes, from Squaw Mountain.
A view near Banff, the famous summer resort. This photo was taken in winter.

Our History Class. IV.—THE FRENCH.

CHAPTER XIV. PHILLIP II., AUGUSTUS. A.D. 1518-1523.

Philip the Gift of God is most commonly known in history as Philip Augustus. Why? He not only plain but as he became a very powerful King of France, it is most likely that one of the old names of the Western Emperors, who were all Caesar Augustus, got applied to him. His father had still been Louis the Young in his old age, Philip might in his youth have been called Philip the Old, for he was much older by skill and cunning than his father had been all his life. The whole history of his reign is his endeavor to get the better of the Plantagenet Kings of England. He so much hated the thought of what he had seen under the elm tree of Gloucestre, that he cut it down; and though he hated King Henry and his sons all alike, he was not the kind of a man who was by pretending to be the friend of whichever was not King, and so helping on their quarrels. The eldest and the third sons, Henry and Geoffrey, were in a strict to Asia Minor; and the two kings willed to arrange their affairs: Philip's way of doing this was to get Richard, his cousin, and to pretend to be so fond of him that they both slept in the same bed, drank out of the same cup, and ate out of the same dish; but he was stirring up Richard— who needed it little to do so— against his father, leading his brother John with him. This was the rebellion which broke out at the death of Henry II. He died, and Richard went on his crusade as King.

It was the first crusade when the armies went by sea instead of by land. Richard had his own fleet, but Philip was obliged to hire ships of the merchants of Genoa; and when the two fleets reached Sicily, they did not venture to sail on till the winter was over, but waited till August. Now that Richard was King, Philip no longer pretended to love him; and there were many disputes among the crusaders. At last they sailed on to help the Christians, who were besieging Acre. Philip arrived first, and quickened the works; but still no great things were done till Richard arrived; and then Philip was vexed because everyone talked so much more of the English King's brave doing than of himself. The heat of the climate soon made both Kings fall sick; and when the city was taken, Philip's doctors declared that he must go home at once if he wished to recover. Most likely they were right; but he was glad to go, for he hoped to do Richard a great deal of harm in his absence. The Pope forbade anyone to attend a crusader's lands when he was away; but Philip could stir up Richard's subjects and his brother against him. And when, as you remember, Richard was made captive by Austria, on his way home, Philip even sent money to the Emperor of Germany to keep him a prisoner. At last, when the German princes had forced the Emperor to set him free, Philip sent money to John, in this short note: "Take care of yourself, for the devil is let loose."

But when, two years later, Richard of the Lion-heart was killed at Limoges, Philip became John's most bitter enemy, and the friend of the only other Plantagenet left, namely, Geoffrey's son Arthur, Duke of Brittany, who appealed to his suzerain, Philip, to make him Duke of Normandy and Count of Anjou, as son of the elder brother. Philip called on John to give up these lands; but John offered to make a peace by marrying his niece, Blanche, the daughter of his sister and the King of Castile, to Philip's son, Louis the Lion. Philip was in trouble himself at the time, and consented to make peace. Philip's trouble was his own fault. His first wife, Isabel of Hainault, was dead, and he thought to make friends with the King of Denmark by marrying his daughter Ingeborg. But the Danes were then very rough and untaught, and poor Henry was a dull, clumsy, ignorant girl, not at all like a courtly lady. Philip took such a dislike to her that he sent her to a convent, and married the beautiful Agnes de Meran, the daughter of the Duke of Tyrol. But there was then ruling one of the mightiest Popes who ever lived, called Innocent III. He was determined not to let anyone, however great, go on in sin unawared; and he called on Philip to put Agnes away, and take back his only true wife, and when Philip would not, Innocent laid the Kingdom under an interdict—that is, he forbade any service to go on in any church except in those of the monks and nuns, and there only with the doors shut against all outside. The whole nation was, as it were, cut off from God for their prince's sin. Philip tried to stand up against this dreadful sentence at first; but he found the people could not bear it, so he sent Agnes away, and took Ingeborg back. He was then absolved, and his kingdom went on prospering. When, in 1203, Arthur of Brittany perished in prison, Philip announced John, so vassal of France, to answer for the murder. The great vassals met, the trumpets sounded, and John was called on to appear; but he did not come, he was sentenced to have forfeited his lands of the Normandy and Anjou, and Philip entered them with his army and took the castle, while John

could not get men or money to come and stop him; and only the Duke of Brehan and Aquitaine, who was still alive, remained to the English. This forfeit made a great split in the power of the French King, and only the English Kings lost Normandy and Anjou, but these two great domains belonged to the French King as entirely as his county of Paris. He had no duke or count, and the barons of cities. Philip's designs against the Plantagenets were favored by John's own crimes. The quarrel with the Pope that you have heard of, about the "Crown" of England, was favored by John's own crimes, and conquer England, but the fear of this brought John to make peace with the Pope.

King John's nephew, Otto of Brunswick, was Emperor, and he, too, had quarrelled with the Pope, who wanted to make Frederick of Sicily Emperor. Philip took Frederick's part, and came against Otto from the north, and he and his army had gathered round their King, and at Bouvines there was one of the greatest battles and victories that French history tells of. Otto went to England from the battle, and Philip said, "We shall see nothing more of him than his back." This great battle was fought in the year of his birth, 1214. King John's nephew, Otto of Brunswick, was Emperor, and he, too, had quarrelled with the Pope, who wanted to make Frederick of Sicily Emperor. Philip took Frederick's part, and came against Otto from the north, and he and his army had gathered round their King, and at Bouvines there was one of the greatest battles and victories that French history tells of. Otto went to England from the battle, and Philip said, "We shall see nothing more of him than his back." This great battle was fought in the year of his birth, 1214. King John's nephew, Otto of Brunswick, was Emperor, and he, too, had quarrelled with the Pope, who wanted to make Frederick of Sicily Emperor. Philip took Frederick's part, and came against Otto from the north, and he and his army had gathered round their King, and at Bouvines there was one of the greatest battles and victories that French history tells of. Otto went to England from the battle, and Philip said, "We shall see nothing more of him than his back." This great battle was fought in the year of his birth, 1214. King John's nephew, Otto of Brunswick, was Emperor, and he, too, had quarrelled with the Pope, who wanted to make Frederick of Sicily Emperor. Philip took Frederick's part, and came against Otto from the north, and he and his army had gathered round their King, and at Bouvines there was one of the greatest battles and victories that French history tells of. Otto went to England from the battle, and Philip said, "We shall see nothing more of him than his back." This great battle was fought in the year of his birth, 1214.

Canning and Preserving.

PEAR PRESERVE.—Pare and core the pears, cut them in halves and weigh them. Allow half a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit, and to the sugar add just enough boiling water to dissolve it. For every three pounds of fruit add to the syrup a little sliced lemon, also add a little green ginger root, and let the lemon and ginger boil in the syrup. Meanwhile put the pears in a stewing pan, and add a little water, and boil three minutes, remove and drain them thoroughly; then slowly boil the fruit in the syrup until tender. Put away in bottles, and cork them down. The wish of his life fulfilled, for he had seen his foes of the House of Plantagenet humbled, and brought to bitter trouble, and he had taken to himself the chief of their oppressions.

GRAPE PRESERVE.—Pulp the grapes, saving the skins. Boil the pulp slowly until the seeds can be seen to loosen, then turn into a sieve, and save the pulp through. Add a little water to the skins and cook until tender. Place the pulp and skins together and measure, allowing to each pint a pound of sugar. Boil the whole together fifteen minutes; it should then be thick enough; if not, boil until satisfactory. Fifteen minutes will, however, be sufficient in most cases, provided too much water was not added to the skins for boiling. Grape preserve may be kept in a stone jar, the top being covered with a cloth tied closely around the edges before the cover is put on.

CITRON PRESERVE.—Remove the green skin and the soft, white inner rind, and cut the citron into various funny shapes, such as squares, rectangles, triangles, etc. Weigh, and allow a pound of sugar to every pound of citron. Make a strong solution of alum water by dissolving lump alum in hot water; when the water has become very pungent to the taste it is strong enough. Boil the citron very rapidly in the alum water for thirty minutes, then drain and drop into clear cold water. Do this part of the work one morning, and allow the citron to stand in the clear water until the next. Then boil in fresh water until the fruit has entirely changed color. At the same time that the citron is put on to boil, make the syrup in another kettle, allowing half a pint of water to every two pounds of sugar, and a sliced lemon and a small strip of ginger-root to every pound of fruit; boil all together slowly, to draw out the flavor of the ginger. When the fruit is tender and has changed color, drain it thoroughly through a colander, and cook in the syrup until it shines; fifteen minutes will be quite long enough. If the syrup is not sufficiently thick, boil down, leaving the citron in it if it shows no sign of going to pieces; if it does, skim it out before this cherry boiling, and return only at the last to a final heating.

CHERRY PRESERVE No. 1.—Use only sour cherries for preserving, and remove entirely the stems nor the pits; fruit that is scarcely ripe is best for this, then the stems and pits will not loosen easily. Allow a pound of sugar and three tablespoonfuls of current juice to each pound of cherries. Boil all slowly, and as soon as the fruit becomes tender skim it out carefully, and place it in stone or glass jars, filling them about two-thirds full. Boil down the syrup and pour it over the cherries.

CHERRY PRESERVE No. 2.—The sweetest red cherries, or the Morello cherry is the best variety for preserving. Stone and stem the cherries carefully, saving every drop of the juice. Weigh the fruit, and allow one pound of sugar to each pound. Place in a preserving-kettle a layer of the fruit, then a layer of sugar, another of fruit and sugar, and so on until all is used.

Add the cherry juice and set the kettle on the fire in a very slow heat. Let the preserve boil gently, and as soon as the fruit is tender skim it out, boil down the syrup, and return the cherries at the last, give the fruit a final heating, and then seal.

CHERRY PRESERVE.—Use only large currants; stem and, if dusty, wash them, shaking them in a cloth to dry as much as possible. Allow a pound of sugar to every two pounds of fruit, and to every two pounds of fruit two pounds of raisins. Water is not added, as the currants are very rich in juice. Cook only a few minutes after the preserve boils; then skim out the fruit, and return the syrup to the fire. If it is not already sufficiently thick, pour the syrup over the currants at the last, as for preserved cherries.

ORANGE or LEMON PEEL PRESERVE.—Remove the peel in quarters and lay it in strong salted water for twenty-four hours. Drain it and cook one hour very slowly in clear water, and drain again. While this is cooking make the syrup, allowing for the peel of 6 oranges, 1 1/2 pounds of sugar, 1 pint of water. Boil the sugar and the water together, remove the scum, and when it comes to the acid the peels, which should be perfectly drained. When the syrup begins to boil remove the kettle from the fire and mix it with its contents in a cool place until the next day. With a skimmer lift out the peels and spread them on a flat dish and stand the dish in the sun, or in the oven, for four hours, or until the peels seem to be dry. Boil the syrup again for fifteen minutes, then add the peels, and again set the kettle away until the next day. This process should be repeated every day until the peels are clean and the syrup has permeated them thoroughly; then drain them, stir thickly with granulated sugar and place them in the sun or oven to dry. When quite dry lay the peels in boxes between layers of wadded paper. Preserve of this peel is a good addition to a cake or a pudding.

Coming Events. T. S. Q. SPECIALS.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. H. O'NEILL will visit Hamilton I., Sat., Sun., and Mon., July 4, 5, 6.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE. THE PROVINCIAL REVIVALISTS will visit Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., July 2 to July 10; Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., July 17 to July 29.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS. Adit. Hyde—Owen Sound, July 4, 5; Chudler, July 6, 7; Hamilton Islands, July 8-13; Canadian Sea, July 14-19; American Sea, July 20; Sudbury, July 21, 22. Ensign Peelo—Quebec, July 5, 6; Montreal I., July 7, 8; Ottawa, July 9, 10; Pembroke, July 11, 12; Arnprior, July 13; Smith's Falls, July 15; Tweed, July 16; Peterboro, July 17.

MISSING.

To Parents, Relations, and Friends: We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, bearded, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or expose to difficulty. Address Commissioner Evangel Booth, 20 Albert St., Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. Officers, soldiers, and friends are requested to look regularly through this column, and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

First Insertion. 4138. SMITH, WILLIAM DOWN. Last heard from two years ago from 24 Hornby St., Montreal. Sister very anxious. 4154. MURTON, ESTHER COLLIER. Who came to Canada with her uncle and aunt—Mr. and Mrs. A. Morton—in 1880, and settled in Norwich, Ont., and afterwards was supposed to be living at Stratford, Ont. 4155. HILL, DALTON JAMES. Book-keeper. Last known address, Erie, West Kootenay, B.C. Any information gratefully received.

(Second Insertion.) 4177. HODSON, JAMES. Left Birmingham, Eng., five years ago for Canada. Nineteen years of age, dark complexion, height 5 ft. 4 in. Supposed to be somewhere in Manitoba. 4150. GILMOOR, WILLIAM. Left Hamilton, Scotland, thirty-three years ago. It is supposed to be fatal in Canada. His only daughter enquires. 4151. LINACRE, OCTAVIUS A. Age 38, height 5 ft. 3 in. Light complexion, blue eyes, freckles, salt hair. Last seen in British Columbia; originally from Newfoundland. Interested friends enquire.

ILLUMINATED Texts and Mottoes

The Season Series. Four Kinds, Representing Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. Beautifully Illuminated Mottoes, 1 1/4 x 1 1/4 in., Heavy Cardboard, Bound in Gold or Silver, Mounted. Sister very anxious. Price, each 30c. Postage 10c. Extra.

We have other kinds for you to choose from at prices ranging from 15c. to 50c.

The Trade Secretary, S. A. TEMPLE, TORONTO.

SONGS OF THE WEEK.

Come, Great Spirit, Come.

Tunes.—*I am coming to the cross* (B.B. 81),
I'm believing (B.B. 82, B.J. 63).

Come, Thou burning Spirit, come!
Lo, we stretch our hands to Thee!
From the Father and the Son
Let us now Thy glory see.

Chorus.

Come, oh, come, Great Spirit, come,
Let the mighty deed be done;
Satisfy our souls' desire—
Now we trust Thee for the fire.

On the altar now we lay
Soul and body, mind and will!
All the evil passions slay,
Come, and every corner fill.

Now the sacrifice we make,
Though as dear as a right eye,
For our blessed Saviour's sake,
Who for us did bleed and die.

Now in faith the gift I claim,
Bought for me by blood divine,
Through the all-prevailing Name,
All the promises are mine.

Now Search Me.

Tune.—*Almighty to save* (B.B. 31).

Oh, when shall my soul find her rest,
My struggles and wrestlings be o'er?
My heart, by my Saviour possessed,
Be fearing and sinning no more?

Now, search me and try me, O Lord!
Now, Jesus, give ear to my cry!
See, helpless I cling to Thy word,
My soul to my Saviour draws nigh.

My idols I cast at Thy feet,
My all I return Thee, who gave,
This moment the work is complete,
For Thou art Almighty to save!

O Saviour, I dare to believe,
Thy blood for my cleansing I see,
And, asking in faith, I receive
Salvation, full, present, and free.

O Lord, I shall now comprehend
Thy mercy so high and so deep;
And long shall my praises ascend,
For Thou art almighty to keep.

In the Love of Jesus.

I have riches, treasures rare,
In the love of Jesus,
If you're willing you may share,
In the love of Jesus.
I was wretched, poor, and blind,
Without peace and pardon,
Bound and fettered, but how kind!
Jesus all has broken.

Chorus.

I am happy, glad, and free,
Through the blood of Jesus,
All my pleasure comes to me,
From the love of Jesus.
Soon you'll see where I shall be,
By the love of Jesus,
Shining on the crystal sea,
In the love of Jesus.

I've His promise, truly grand,
Oh, what love has Jesus,
With the ransomed I shall stand,
By the love of Jesus.

In the city bright and fair,
Free from sin and sadness;
After battle, rest is there,
Never-ending gladness.

Of my treasures shall I tell
In the love of Jesus?
Peace and pardon, joy as well,
Brings the love of Jesus.

Grace when tempted, light to guide,
Comfort on paths dreary,
And I've many things beside—
Great has been God's mercy.

Such a Friend.

BY W. MC., WINNIPEG.

Tune.—*Near the cross* (B.J. 8).

Oh, 'tis sweet to have a Friend,
Such a Friend as Jesus;
If our will with His we blend
He will never leave us.

Chorus.

Such a Friend, such a Friend,
Such a Friend as Jesus!
Oh, 'tis sweet to have a Friend,
Such a Friend as Jesus!

He to us is ever near,
All our fears He'll banish,
He will fill our hearts with cheer,
All our doubts shall vanish.

When we come to cross the tide,
Angels will assemble,
Jesus will be by our side,
We need never tremble.

Wonderful Love.

Tune.—*Wonderful love* (B.J. 345).

Jesus came down my ransom to be,
Oh, it was wonderful love!
For out of the Father's heart He came,
To die for me on a cross of shame,
To set me free He took the blame,
Oh, it was wonderful love!

Chorus.

Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful love
Coming to me from heaven above,
Filling me, thrilling me through and through,
Oh, it was wonderful love!

Clear to faith's vision the cross reveals
Beautiful actions of love;
And all that by grace e'en I may be
When saved, to serve Him eternally,
He came, He died, for you and me
Oh, it was wonderful love!

His death's a claim, His love has a plea,
Oh, it was wonderful love!
Ungrateful was I to slight Thy call,
But, Lord, now I come, before Thee fall,
I give myself, I give my all,
All for Thy wonderful love.

Standing for Jesus.

Tunes.—*My soul is now united* (B.J. 118);
Day of victory's coming (B.J. 23); *Pilgrims*
choose to be a soldier (B.J. 125).

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory,
His Army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

Chorus.

I'm glad I am a soldier,
And battling on for God;
Each day by grace made bolder,
To conquer through the blood.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet-call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day;
With loyal hearts now serve Him,
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the Gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there

Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

Salvation

BY LIEUT. S. FRENCH, Nfld.

Tunes.—*Abundantly able to save; Oh, turn ye*
(B.J. 86).

7 Come hither, ye sinners and hear of the
love
That prompted your Saviour to come from
above,

To die on the cross of dark Calvary's tree,
And shed His life's blood to set your soul free.

My brother, the Master, etc.

In love and in mercy He came from above,
Looked down upon earth in His infinite love,
And sent forth His Son to be slain on a tree,
Who purchased redemption for you and for me.

Then, sinner, you need not in sin longer roam,
Although you have wandered away from your
home;

Since Jesus has died and redemption is paid,
Your poor, weary head on His breast may be
laid.

He'll smooth all your sorrow and dry all your
tears,

He'll take away gloom and banish your fears,
He'll take you to heaven when fighting is o'er,
To praise Him for ever on that happy shore.

Seek His Mercy.

BY LIEUT. KATIE ALLEN, DESERONTO.

Tune.—*Hello, Central! give me heaven.*

8 Careless sinner, on life's ocean,
Drifting downward with the tide,
Heedless of the awful danger,
And the woes that there betide,
Fleeting are earth's sweetest pleasures,
Soon they'll fade and pass away,
They can never satisfy you,
Cannot bring you joy.

Chorus.

Christ alone can satisfy you,
He can bring you joy,
Treading daily in His footsteps,
Peace without alloy;
He has promised ne'er to leave us,
While we trust His grace;
Will you seek His offered mercy,
Will you seek His face?

Think one moment of your danger,
If you still neglect to pray,
Down into eternal darkness,
Death will bear your soul away.
Think again of what a ransom,
Has been paid on Calvary's tree,
Jesus freely gave His life's blood,
All for you and me.

Oh, what love the Christ of Calvary
For our guilty souls has shown,
Love that passeth understanding,
Such to us has ne'er been known.
Driving sadness from our spirit,
Making bright our darkest day,
Shining ever o'er our pathway,
To eternal day.

Though you've wandered far from heaven,
Though from God your soul has strayed,
Though you thought your cross too heavy,
And His voice you disobeyed,
In His heart there still is pity,
At His cross there still is room;
O backslider, will you heed Him
While He's saying, "Come"?